THE CHAST and LOST LOVERS:

Lively shadowed in the persons of *Arcadius* and *Sepha*, and illustrated with the severall stories of *Hæmon* and *Antigone*, *Eramio* and *Amissa*, *Phaon* and *Sappho*, *Delithason* and *Verista*.

Being a description of severall LOVERS smiling with delight, and with hopes fresh as their youth, and fair as their beauties in the beginning of their Affections, and covered with Bloud and Horror in the conclusion.

To this is added the Contestation betwixt *Bacchus* and *Diana*, and certain Sonnets of the Author to AURORA.

Digested into three Poems, by *Will. Bosworth*, Gent.

——— Me quoque
Impune volare, & sereno
Calliope dedit ire cælo.

London, Printed for *William Shears*, and are to be sold at the sign of the Bible in St. *Pauls* Church-Yard, 1653.

THE CHAST and LOST LOVERS.

Lively shadowed in the persons of *Arcadius* and *Sophia*, and illustrated with the several stories of *Hamon* and *Melagone*, *Evanda* and *Amissa*, *Phaon* and *Sappho*, *Delisbaston* and *Perina*.

Being a description of several LOVERS smiling with delight, and with hopes such as their youth, and fair as their beauties in the beginning of their Affections, and covered with Dloyd and Horror in the conclusion.

To this is added the Contestation betwixt *Bacchus* and *Phoebus*, and certain Sonnets of the Author to AURORA.

Digested into three Poems by *Will. Fairfax*, Gent.

Me quoque
Impune coloro, et Jovem
Calliope dedit in vulnus.

London, Printed for *William Shearer*, and are to be sold at the sign of the Bible in St. Paul's Church-Yard, 1653.

To the true Lover of all good Learning, the Honourable *Iohn Finch*, Esq;

SIR,

IF *Poetry* be truly conceived to carry some *Divinity* with it; and *Poets*, on what Subjects soever their Fancies have discourſed, have bin intituled *Divine*, as the *Divine Mr. Spencer*, the *Divine Ronſard*, the *Divine Arioſto*; how much more properly may they be esteemed to be *Divine*, who have made chaſt Love their Argument, which is a fire deſcended frō Heaven, and (habituall in its Action) is alwayes aſcending and aſpiring to it: This is that Love which *Xenophon* doth diſtinguiſh from the ſenſuall, and doth call it *The heavenly Venus*, and with this our *Poet* being powerfully inſpired hath brea-

thed forth these happy raptures, to declare, That Love and the Muses are so neat of kinne, that the greatest *Poets* are the greatest Lovers.

And Sir, although there is no man a more absolute master of his passions than your self, and therefore you cannot be said to be subjected unto Love, yet it shall be no dishonor to you to acknowledge your self to be a lover of the Muses. In this confidence I have made bold to tender unto you these Poems, the work of a young Gentleman of 19 years of Age, who had he lived, might have been as well the Wonder as the Delight of the Arts, and been advanced by them amongst the highest in the Temple of Fame. The Myrtle and the Cypresse Groves, which he made more innocent by his Love, shall remember, and the musick of the Birds shall teach every tree to repeat to one another his chast complaint, and the flourish of the trees shall endeavour to raise unto Heaven his name, which they shall

wear

wear ingraved on their leaves. These are onely his first flights, his first fruits, the early flowers of his youth; flowers they are, but so sweetly violent, that as their Beauties doe arrest our eyes, so (I hope) their perfume will continue through many Ages to testifie the Influence of your protection, and the most gracefull resentments of him who is,

Sir,

Your most humble

and

devoted servant,

R. C.

To the Reader.

THis Booke hath the fate which the modesty of Antiquity did assigne to their Bookes, which is, not to be extant till the Death of the Author, declining thereby the presumption of an assumed and a sawcy Immortality, and owing this new life, which by their remaining labours they received, to the Benefit and Commendation of Posterity. These Poems are secure in themselves, and neither fear the tongue of the Detractor, nor desire the praise of the Encomiastick, their one worth can best speak their own merit, but this it shall be lawfull for me to insert, that in one Book and of so small a bulke you shall seldome see more contained,

——— He doth swell (well.

Not with th'how much he writeth, but th'how

You shall find in this System the Idea of Poetry at large, and in one garland all the flowers on the Hill of Parnassus, or on the banks of Helicon.

The high, the fluent, and the pathetick discourses of his lovers, and the transformation of them after their

their death into precious stones, into Birds, into Flowers, or into Monuments of Marble, you shall finde hath allusion to Ovids Metamorphosis, *which in* Ovids *own iudgement was the best piece that ever he composed, and for which with most confidence, he doth seem to challenge to himself the deserved honour of a perpetuall Fame.*

The strength of his fancy, and the shadowing of it in words he taketh from Mr. Marlow *in his* Hero *and* Leander, *whose mighty lines Mr.* Benjamin Iohnson *(a man sensible enough of his own abilities) was often heard to say, that they were Examples fitter for admiration than for parallel, you shall find our Author every where in this imitation. This the one.*

Some say fair *Cupid* unto her inclin'd,
Mourn'd as he went, and thinking on her pin'd.
And in another place,
And as she went, casting her eyes aside,
Many admiring at her beauty dy'd.

This the other,

And mighty Princes of her love deny'd,
Pin'd as they went, & thinking on her dy'd.

You shall finde also how studious he is to follow him in those many quick and short sentences at the close of his fare, with which he every where doth adorn his writings.

The weaving of one story into another and the significant flourish that doth attend it, the peculiar Grace of Sir Philip Sidney, *whom our Author doth so happily imitate, as if he were one of the same Intelli-*

gences that moved in that incomparable Compasse.

His making the end of one Verse to be the frequent beginning of the other (besides the Art of the Trope) was the labour and delight of Mr. Edmond Specer, *whom Sir* Walt. Raleigh *and* S. Kenelm Digby *were used to call the* English Virgill, *and indeed* Virgill *himself did often use it, and in my opinion with a greater grace, making the last word only of his Verse to be the beginning of the Verse following, as*

Sequitur pulcherrimus Astur
Astur equo fidens, & versicoloribus armis.

Virgill *hath nothing more usuall than this gracefull way of repetition, as those who are most conversant with him, can readily witnesse with me. Our Authors making use of one and the same Verse in several places is also taken from* Virgill, *as you shall often find in his Georgicks, which he would never have let passe (being full twelve years in the compleating of that work) if he had conceived it would have bin looked upon as an imperfection either of two much Haste or Sloth, and this also is often to be found in* Homer.

You behold now how many, and what great Examples our Author hath propounded to himself to imitate, if it be obiected, that it is a disparagement to imitate any, be they never so excelent (according to that of Horace) O imitatorum stultum pecus; *It is no absurdity to make answer, that* Horace *wrote that in a criticall hour, when he abounded with a hypercrytical sense, for if you please to look upon the Fragments of those Greek Poets, which in many books are inserted*

at

at the end of Pindar, you shall undoubtedly find that Horace hath translated as much of them as are now extant word for word, and put them into the first book of his Odes, which is very easie in this place to be represented, but that it is much beyond our room, and a little besides our subject.

But more fully to satisfie the objection, it may be answered, that in this Horace had no relation at all to the words or fancy of the imitator, but to those new numbers, and measures, which he first taught the Roman Muse to tread; and this makes him so much to magnifie himself.

Libera per vacuum posui vestigia princeps.

The works of Virgil *are nothing else but mere Imitations: in his* Eclogues *he followeth* Theocritus, *in his* Æneids, Homer, *in his* Georgicks *he imitateth* Hesiod, *which he conceiveth to be so far from his preiudice, that he esteemeth it his glory.*

Ascræumq; cano Romana per oppida carmen. Virg. Georg. lib. 3.

And yet because the same subject was not treated on before by any Latine Poet, you may observe how confident he is of himself:

——Iuvat ire viam quâ nulla priorum
Castaliam molli deducitur orbita clivo. Lib. Georg 2.

These prælibations may serve not only to discharge our Author, but to raise him above those accusations which peradventure some distemper'd Criticks might have charged him with. The other part of his invention is intirely his own, smooth yet smart, and as clear as it

is

in Active. Now when all this shall be done at nineteen yeers of age, and out of a desire onely to please you, what entertainment should you give unto it? with what flowers should you crown his memory, who brought so many flowers to crown your delight? Take them, and peruse them, his leaves invite every hand to turn them over; The young men may read them for their Information, and with some sympathy of affection; The old men for their Recreation; The Ladies may learn them by heart, and repeat them to one another, for this the Muses, upon their credit, have given me in charge to impart unto them, That whatsoever they shall lay forth on his praises (the Book readeover) they will finde it paid back to them in the reckoning.

R. C.

ON

On the Amorous and pathetick ſtory of Arcadius *and* Sepha, *&c.*

LO here the Muſe which to our eye diſcovers
The bleeding Fate of many haples Lovers;
What though his warbling lyre not gravely rings
With ſuch deep notes as lofty *CLIO* ſings,
His Muſe is ſoft, as ſweet, and though not ſtrong,
Pathetick, lively, all on fire, and young,
Flowing with tears and ſmiles, and full of ſport,
As fits the ſubject of fair *VENVS* Court,
And this may Court you to peruſe his Book;
So oft i'th' ſtreets with prompter eyes wee look
On lovely Girls who but their ſhooe-ſtrings tye,
Than Wives, their Garters making faſt more high.

L. B.

On

On the exact and elabourate Story of Arcadius *and* Sepha, *and the rest of the Beavy of the Lovers:*

WHat brave young Man is this, whose lute doth lead
The dancing Rocks, and teach the Woods to tread?
Is *Thracian Orpheus* reviv'd, whose laye
Hath now charm'd Hell, to get himself away?
(Son of the Arts and Heav'n) our hearts we fill,
With joy and zeal to gratulate thy skill;
What fitting tributes shall we bring thee now,
To crown thy merits, and adorn thy brow;
For since thy harp to follow Trees are grac'd,
Bayes of themselvs unto thy Brows maks haste

F. L.

An

An Epitaph on the deceased Author, in alluſion to his Sonnets on Aurora.

SAd Lover, thou who to thy cruel Saint,
Didſt teach thy Muſe to breath thy laſt com-
plaint, (known,
Whilſt thou the Ends that Sex aim'd at mad'ſt
Me thought I heard thee thus to ſpeak thy own;
Lo here the Glory of all Womens pride,
The matchleſs Trophy of their Beauties might,
To kill by Treaſon, and hid fires provide
Thoſe to devour whom they do moſt invite;
Poor injur'd aſhes! you too late have try'd,
How ill they doe the gentleſt hearts requite;
O that in Beauties ſhould thoſe flames be
known, (own!
Which burn our breſts, yet never warm their

E. G.

On

On the deathlesse Poems of the deceased Author.

HAppy young Man, who though laid under ground,
Thy name to Honour a sure way hath found;
Thy chast *Arcadius* shall with *Sepha* live, (give,
Whiles the kind Sun warmth to the Earth shal
And every Age shall take delight to see
Fair *Hæmon* met with fair *Antigone*;
Whiles thankfull Rivers to the Seas make (haste
Eramioes and *Amissaes* love shall last;
No more shall *Phaon* by contempt be led,
But foot to foot shall now with *Sappho* tread,
And *Delithasons* youth, and chast desires
Shall keep more warm his fair *Veristaes* fires;
Thus whilst that thou with thy immortall layes,
Beauty, and Love, and Innocence dost praise,
That praise which thou to others worths dost lend,
Doth make thy own high as the Stars ascend.

S. P.

The

On these laboured Poems of the deceased Authour, Mr. WILLIAM BOSWORTH.

THese bleeding Lovers, and unstaind desires,
Their undry'd tears, & their religious fires,
And their Stars sullen malice, which did bend
Their lives and loves to an untimely end,
May bring the pious Reader with perfumes
Of flowr's and sighs to worship at their tombs
And their high flames admire; But ô forbear
That hasty zeal, and do not tread too near,
For know the flames so ardent were that burn'd
Their suffering hearts, and them to ashes turn'd,
That by your sighes they may too soon be blown
Into new life, and set on fire your own.

L. C.

The

The BOOKE to the READER.

Reader,

MY Author vow'd to prattle forth his Loves,
And fill the azure skyes with watry clouds;
My Author vow'd to dwell in shady groves,
And paint his Fortune in Diana's *shrouds:*
For the best Artist that the world admires,
Was but the Artist of his own Desires.

You must not then expect a curious straine,
That best befits the queintnesse of his story,
No, that's a shadow for a riper brain,
Let them report it, that have had the glory,
The guilded tresses of the clearest shining,
Have neither force in rising nor declining.

Then take the branches of his tender vine,
Which here you have presented, though he fears,
You'l draw his meaning by too strict a line,
For yet he ne'r attain'd to thrice seven years.
Yet let me pass, and e're his day see's night,
His Hawk may please you with a fairer flight.

Arcadius and *Sepha.*

(1)

NEar to the *Caſpian* ſtreights, where Dolphins ſing,
Hippobatos, a verdant Meadow lay,
Along which Meadow ran a ſilver Spring,
Winding her ſtreams as careleſs of her way,
Here would ſhe ſtay, and ſeem returning home,
Till with her ſelf, her ſelf was overcome.

(2)

Down by which brook there ſate a little Ladd,
A little Ladd nam'd (a) *Epimenides*, (a) A Poet of *Creet.*
Cloſe to his foot a little Dog he had,
Whoſe Maſters face Character'd his diſeaſe,
Sighing he ſaid, and to the Powers above,
Make me (ô Gods) immortall for my love.

(3)

Snatch hence my ſoul, the better part I have,
And him of his deteſted life deprive,
Who vows to live obſcurely in a Cave,
Shall *Sepha* die, and I remain alive?
Satyres goe weep, and when ye hear her name,
Blow forth my Loves inevitable fame.

(4)

Let ſwifteſt thoughts poſſeſs my *Sepha's* name,
And ſound her praiſe as ſwift as Eagles flie,
Let Marble be proud to preſerve the ſame,
Leſt rotten time out-ſlip her memorie,

Leſt

Leſt Trumpets ceaſe to ſound, and ſo forbear it?
Let Ecchoe's learn to dictate when they hear it.

(5)

Ye ſliding ſtreams, that paſs ſo gently by,
Winding your waves, and do not faſter flee,
Joy you to hear my *Sepha's* Elegy?
Or doe you linger to condole with me?
'Tis to condole, ſince ſuch is my eſtate,
Your bubling ſtreams do murmur at my fate.

(6)

Ye little Birds that us'd to ſit and ſing,
While *Driades* with Muſicks nimble touch,
(When woods and valleys did of *Sepha* ring)
Preſent harmonious tunes, to make her couch,
A neſt of Heav'nly raptures, ſweeter far,
With purer notes, than earthly noiſes are.

(7)

Why doe you now my *Sepha's* tunes forbear?
Why doe you ceaſe to tune my *Sepha's* layes?
Why do'n't you now to wonted trees repair?
Why do'n't you ſit and ſing my *Sepha's* praiſe?
Ye warbling Chanters that ſuch Muſick bred,
Are ye grown weary, or is *Sepha* dead?

(8)

Or Sepha dead? is, Heav'nly *Sepha* dead?
No more ſhall earth be happy with her ſweet,
No more ſhall eyes be with her beauty fed,
No more ſhall flowers be proud to kiſs her feet,
No more ſhall *Phœbus* court her in a ſhower,
No more ſhall Bee's miſtake her for a flower.

(9)

In bleſſed times when vertuous *Sepha* liv'd,
The happy earth was with her beauty dreſt,

Each greedy eye, that saw not *Sepha*, griev'd,
Each flower was proud, to be by *Sepha* prest,
Love-showring *Phœbus* spar'd no am'rous time,
And Bees on her did think to gather Thyme.

(10)

Blest be the season, and the bower blest,
When first my eyes in *Sepha's* eyes were seen,
When first my hopes began to build their nest,
When first I saw her walking on yon Green,
When first my lips sipt Nectar from her brest,
Blest be the season, and the bower blest.

(11)

Ye stately Pines that dwell on lofty Hils,
Stoop down your heads with a dejected fall,
Let *Boreas* go sport with whom he wills,
And though you knew her not, nor never shall,
Sob forth her plaints with a bewailing eye,
And say 'twas *Sepha's* death that made you dye.

(12)

Smilax, and *Crocus*, little blushing flowers,
Hence cease your red, and let your pale begin,
And say you want those sweet distilling showers,
That *Phœbus* us'd to Court fair *Sepha* in,
Lillies forbear to stoop your drooping heads;
For now your shame, the fairest Lillie's dead.

(13)

That Lillie's dead in whom all graces been,
That Lillie's dead, the fairest of the Nine,
That Lillie's dead, where Natures art was seen,
That Lillie's dead, whose odours were divine.
That Lower, than whom more fairer there was none;
Is pluck't away, the fairest Lillie's gone.

Sh

(14)

She was the faireſt, and the ſweeteſt creature,
That ever yet was ſubject to the Gods,
For they reſolv'd ſhe was the only feature,
In whom they joy'd, the Powers delight in odds,
To deck their tents, Fair *Sepha* 'twas that mov'd
My ſoul to bleſs, thee *Sepha* whom I lov'd.

(15)

Some Poets feign there is a Heav'n on Earth,
Earth hath its joyes to make a happy time,
Admired odors giving a new birth,
And ſweetning joyes, with *Melli-Flora's* thyme;
'Tis not a feigned, but Heav'n rightly fam'd,
For I enjoy'd the Heav'n the Poets nam'd.

(16)

Jove was propitious when I firſt begun
To Court fair *Sepha*, Eccho's nimble charm:
Roſe-cheek't *Adonis*, fairer than the Sun,
Had not a ſweeter choice, nor kinder harm;
Rough-footed Satyres, Satyres, Nymphs and Fauns,
Scatter'd her praiſe throughout *Diana's* lawns.

(17)

If I but walk't in *Tempe*, or the Groves,
To meditate my melancholly layes,
I was ſaluted with the murm'ring loves
Of ſhady Pines, repining at her praiſe,
Griev'd at her praiſe, when they her name did hear,
They ſigh for want of her ſweet preſence there.

(18)

Or if, (weary of ſighs) I left the bowers,
To recreate me in the whiſpring Air,
I was ſaluted with diſtilling ſhowers,
That brought me tidings of my ſweeteſt fair.

Coming from Heav'n they told me news of this,
Iove had prepar'd already for her bliſs.

(19)

If to the Mountains I a voyage took,
Mountains with Roſes, and with Pinks adorn'd,
There lay *Adonis* by his ſilver hook,
Courted by *Venus*, *Venus* by him ſcorn'd,
Venus with tears preſents young *Cupid's* letter,
He hates her vows, and loves fair *Sepha* better.

(20)

If to the Garden *Flora* me invited,
Where all the dainty flowers are ſaid to lye,
Thoſe dainty flowers, that ſo much once delighted,
Are now abaſht, and in their beauty dye,
Lillies and Roſes ſtartle at her name,
One pale for fear, the other red for ſhame.

(21)

If to the Woods perſwaded by my Muſe,
Even there were Ecchoes of fair *Sepha's* glory,
The warbling Chanters made a fine excuſe,
For her delay; and chanted forth the ſtory
Of her beſt praiſe; by which I underſtood,
They ſtriv'd with tunes to tell her to the wood.

(22)

If I but chanc'd to walk unto the ſprings,
There ſate the Muſes warbling forth her ſtory,
Wanton *Thalia* with ſweet raptures ſings,
Folding her name in Heav'ns immortall glory,
With Hymnes, and layes, they prattle forth delight,
And count her name the pen with which they write.

(23)

Yet ſad *Melpomine* rejoyceth not,
Nor ought but imprecations ſhows upon her,

She saith her beauty is to her a blot,
Whose so much goodness robs them of their honor,
Help then *Melpomine* with thy sad verse,
To tell her fate, and houl upon her Herse.

(24)

These were the plaints the Cretan Lad bestow'd
The funeralls of his fair *Sepha's* death,
Behold said he, the service that I ow'd,
And vow'd to pay (*Sepha*) shall be my breath,
When heard by Ladies of renowned glory.
They urg'd him to relate his *Sepha's* story.

(25)

Ladies (said he) if your unhappy ears,
Admit such sad disasters to have room,
I by your looks your inward thoughts appears,
You'l Elegize this story that shall come.
You'l sigh to hear my *Sepha's* hap, while I,
Bend all my power to tell her fate, and dye.

THE HISTORIE OF ARCADIUS and SEPHA.

Liber Primus.

AMidst *Campania* Fields, near *Sabine* Bowers,
Plain to each view there ſtood two ſtately Towers,
Mounting aloft the skies their cloudy heads,
As proud as high, diſdaining their firſt Beds;
So curious was their building, and their ſtone,
That both alike, they both were took for one,
Shewing by'th' type of their conjoyning arts,
The true conjunction of each others hearts.
Two ſtately Towers for their buildings fam'd,
One *Arathea*, th'other *Talmos* nam'd;
In *Talmos*, *Sepha* dwelt, whoſe heav'nly face,
Gave to each quill a line, each line a grace,
In whiſpring forth her praiſe, whoſe radiant eyes,
Like ſtarry lamps that emulate the skies,
In height and beauty with their glittering light,
Shone like the cleareſt ſtars i'th' darkeſt night.

Vpon

Vpon her head she wore a Laurell Crown
Knit up with sundry flowers, on which Renown,
As chiefest Empress of her fate and beauty,
Did sympathize with a religious duty:
Hesperides, in whose calm heart did rest
No sullen strains, but Lyrick, and a nest
Of Heav'nly raptures, perfum'd odours sweet,
Which *Nectar* and *Nepenthe* breathings, meet
For Heav'ns great Queen, such was her vertue given,
That where she was, there was a second Heav'n.
Her face so sweet as Nature can devise,
Was dreſt with sparkling Diamonds of her eyes,
The sweet composure of whose beauty yeelds
A Medall of the true *Elisian* fields;
Her forehead, fittest place to go before,
(Since who so speaks of beauty treads it o're)
Was justly call'd a path, whereon did pass,
A way that leads you where all beauty was.
Close by that path, two radiant lamps did rise,
Which some abruptly did intitle eyes;
Too mean a name for two such Heav'nly lights,
As far beyond all eyes, as dayes from nights:
To whom was added that Cœlestiall grace
Of perfect pureness to adorn the face,
That whensoe're these seeing lamps did move,
They'd light spectators on their way to love.
Between which eyes (if eyes they may be nam'd)
A pillar, (as of purest marble fram'd)
Then call'd her nose, did lead you to two plains,
Pure white and red, like milk which clarret stains,
Two flowry fields where *Flora* seem'd to dwell,
Where white and red were striving to excell,
Whose raptures seem'd like a Celestiall nest,
Whereon distressed lovers seem'd to rest,

Which

Which Paradiſe if any lover ſeeks,
It was preſented in fair *Sepha's* cheeks,
Two pearls of that ineſtimable price,
So far beyond th' perfection of her eyes,
Impall'd with that exceſſive form of bliſs,
Smiling, you'd think th'invited you to kiſs.
What name or title fits fair *Sepha's* lips?
Shall ſome *Ambroſian* cup, where great *Jove* ſips
Nectar from *Ganimed*? too mean it is,
To bear their form, it is too mean by this,
Jove out of them *Nepenthe* us'd to ſip,
But that *Nepenthe* grew on *Sepha's* lip.
Then gan her teeth in a moſt perfect line,
Plac't each by other through her lips to ſhine,
More white, more true, than Nature could prefer
To any other was it not to her.
Thoſe that ne're ſaw, might judge what they had been,
Like picture pearl, through crimſon ſhadows ſeen;
So was her chin like Chriſtall over red,
So was her hair in decent manner ſpred;
Which ſhe all careleſs down her back did wear,
As a fit object for the wanton Air,
Careleſs to ſport with, next to them was prais'd
Her neck, as of a Marble pillar rais'd,
Proud to ſupport the weight of ſuch a face,
In whom three Graces ſeem'd to be one grace.
Then might you ſee her Amber breſts, more white
Than *Scithian* ſnow, and yeelding more delight
Than ſilly quill is able to report,
They were the hills where *Cupid* us'd to ſport.
Between which hills there lay a pleaſant Alley,
Whoſe milky paths did lead into the Valley.
This was that *Sepha* who unhappy dy'd,
This was that *Sepha* for whoſe hap I cry'd;

This was that *Sepha*, whom the Valleys miſs,
And this was her whoſe Tragick ſtories this.
Sepha, the glory of the ſcorned earth,
In *Talmos* dwelt, ſometimes a place of mirth,
The ground whereon it ſtood was deck't with flowers,
Here lay a Meadow, there were *Sabine* bowers.
The houſe was with a Grove of trees inclos'd,
Proud of the beauty that therein repos'd:
Only a glead there lay, the trees between,
Where *Arathea* was of *Talmos* ſeen.
In *Arathea* young *Arcadius* dwelt,
A man where Nature had ſo freely dealt
Her chiefeſt art, and artificiall skill,
Pleaſing each eye, but moſt to *Sephas* will.
Oft by her window did *Arcadius* ride,
Sometimes to hunt, and ſometimes to divide
The Air with riding ſwift *Italian* horſes,
Here making ſtops, there running at full courſes,
When ſhe (unknown to him) with watchfull eye,
Oft ſaw his going, and his coming by,
So that of fire which Lovers ſometimes find,
A ſpark began to kindle in her mind.
Once did ſhe blame unkindly *Cupid* much;
Darling ſaid ſhe, and is thy power ſuch?
Vnkindly thus pure ſtreams to overcome,
And force a heart to love ſhe knows not whom?
Is he too good that thus thou doſt deny
Me to receive one courting from his eye?
Cupid, ſcorn'ſt thou my prayers? or doſt thou ſhame?
Is he ſo mean to let me know his name?
Yet let me live, let me his feature ſee,
If hee's but vertuous, 'tis enough for me.
This ſaid, her eyes drawn by a heavy ſound,
Saw young *Arcadius*, groveling on the ground,

Whoſe

Whoſe too too nimble horſe, in ſtriving moſt
To pleaſe his maſter, his bleſt burthen loſt.
Once did ſhe ſpeak, once did ſhe move her tongue,
What ſad miſhap ſaid ſhe, did thee that wrong?
How didſt thou of thy wonted favours miſs?
Was the ground greedy thy fair limbs to kiſs?
At whoſe Celeſtiall voice, like a ſweet charm,
He ſtarted up, and ſaid, I had no harm;
Thanks for your love, and with a decent grace,
Stoops down his hat, by which ſhe ſaw his face.
Sepha (ſaid ſhe) be glad, for thou haſt found,
And ſeen the Arrow that thy heart did wound.
Well, young *Arcadius* gets him to his ſteed,
Who guilty of the laſt unhappy deed,
With nimble ſtrokes his maſter to delight,
Slips o're the plain from faireſt *Sepha's* ſight.
Go then, ſaid ſhe, the height of beauties pride,
And worlds chief mirror; if thy heart is ty'd
To any Lady whom thou call'ſt thy own,
As ſure it is, or elſe thou wouldſt have ſhown
Some more reſpects to me, but if thou art,
If to another thou haſt linkt thy heart,
Twice happy thou, thrice ſhe, that ſhall imbrace
Thy ſlender body, and enjoy thy face.
This ſaid, ſhe to a ſilent chamber goes,
Weary of love, but more of mind, and throws,
Sometimes her reſtleſs body on a bed,
Where love is with imaginations fed,
Then to the window would ſhe take her way,
And view the place where young *Arcadius* lay,
Thence would ſhe to her cloſet, where alone,
Alone ſhe ſate her ſorrowes to bemone;
If ſuch was *Iſis* love to *Ligus* ſon,
Then ignorant why he her love had won,

And *Iphis* had in his *Ianthe* got,
Not yet a man, yet more than one mans lot?
If such was *Philoctea's* ardent love,
From her own sex, such free desires to move?
When *Zelmanes* eyes such direfull vapors threw,
And to her own, prodigious accents drew?
If *Isis* was of *Iphis* change most glad?
And *Philoclea* her own wishes had?
Why may not *Sopha* be possest of hers,
Not half so far impossible as theirs?
But Heav'n conspird with an impatient eye,
And all the powers to act her Tragedy.
Not that Injustice with the Gods did dwell,
For how could they 'gainst that sweet face rebell,
Nor enmity against such beauty bred,
Whose double portion with amazement led
Each greedy eye into a feild of Roses
And Lillies which a *Theatre* incloses.
But Love whose passions with impartiall flames,
Now whisper'd 'mongst the Gods, aloud proclaims,
By *Iove* consent to dispossesse us here
Of our faire Heav'n, for they did want her there:
Conspicuous fate, her heart already feels
Cupids dire bolt, and at first Arrow yeelds;
No Warrier she, nor striv'd with strugling hand
The dart to break, nor would she it withstand,
But gently stepping t'wards his Bow did hie,
And *Phœnix*-like into the flames did flie;
So *Pilomel* doth willingly depose,
Her tender brest against the Thorne, so those
Who (Bleeding easly) meet death void of paine,
Phaëthae so in *Ida* woods did raigne.
Twice did the honour of *Latona* move
A scornd defiance to *Arcadius* Love,

But

But twice by *Erieyna* twas defac't,
And twice more Love into her heart was plac't,
Wherefore unwilling to omit the art,
The Salve she thought would mollifie her smart,
Half doubting *Cupid* who such change had wrought,
Gave speech the leave, to ease her of her thought.

Love, who the greatest Potentates can tame,
(Ruine of zeale) at whose majestick name,
(Blind wicked boy) disguiz'd with all untruth,
The Gods have yeelded honour to his youth,
Sprung first from *Venus* Goddess of his art,
If blind as some suppose how can he dart
Showrs of such wrongs on silly Womans heart?

Thou Goddess of the Vallies and the Plains,
See how the wagg thy sacred rites disdains,
Thou thou *Latona's* Daughter, whose delights
I vow to perfect, and maintain thy rites,
In spite of *Cupid*, see how he deposes
Thy Holy Lawes, see how he plucks thy Roses,
And crops the fairest Lillies of thy Closes.

Into my heart some heavy thought is straid,
But there it shall not, nor long hath it staid,
Some muddy cloud hath overwhelm'd my face,
And left behind it shaddowes of disgrace:
Thus when the Heav'ns thy mighty Father lowrs,
His anger is some bitter tasted showrs,
To perish quite the odours of thy flowers.

Thus hath he given power to the Boy,
Who strives thy Virgin odours to destroy,

Vrg'd by the daughter of *Oceanus*
His Frothy Mother, enemy to us.
And she doth practice his deceitfull smiles,
The fittest motions with which he beguiles,
And with a touch thy Vestall lamps defiles.

Vp (thou *Alphea*) shew thy pow'r and skill,
Reserve thy virgins wholly to thee still,
Lend us the swiftest *Arethusa's* feet,
To flie *Alpheus*, make our prayers fleet:
And that we may doe honor to thy name,
Do thou in *Ephesus* thy will proclame,
That we with nettles may defie his flame.

Thus did she feed her thoughts on weak dispair,
Sighing her sorrows to the empty air,
Repining only that her heavy fate
Prest down so hard to make her derogate.

Might I (said she) *Idalia's* garments wear,
I would be glad, would she but hear my prayer,
Or *Dian* thou to whom I am devoted,
Admit not my true zeal to be remoted
From service thine, if still thy power thou hast;
If *Cytherea* hath it not defac't,
Say whether yet he any hath imbrac't.

Say whether yet he any hath embrac't,
If yet to thee his service be ally'd,
Let not his cheeks of any sorrows tast,
'Tis pity such pure streams with worse be dy'd;
But howsoe're if happy him be ty'd,
And *Hymen* link him to some other Bride,
Let not his name, nor kindred be deni'd.

An

And thus she discontinuing *Dian's* fires,
Vext with excess of heat and love, retires
Into the garden, where she takes free scope
To vent her plaints, but all deny her hope.
Each flowr she sees gives a fresh appetite
To that sweet flowr she wants; there's no delight,
But dreams and visions haunt her in her sleep;
The birds that us'd to sing, now seem'd to weep,
And all with heavy voice did seem to move
Complaints, and wail for her unhappy love.
Nor could she say 'twas love did her oppress,
Since she was ignorant of what fair guess
She was enamored, she saw his face,
And knew he was a man, but of what race
And name she knew not, nor knew where he dwelt;
(Oft so for unknown cause, strange pains are felt)
Oft from the garden would she send her eyes,
Loves faint Embassadors, into the skies,
For help, and oft with shrill complaining sounds,
Would weep forth prayers, with which the air abounds:
Thence would she unto *Venus* Altar hast,
Where when the myrrhe and odors she had plac't,
And mixing plaints with the perfuming flame,
Grant me great Queen of Love to know his name.
Thence would she unto *Dian's* Altar hie,
And do the like, and thence to *Cupid* flie,
But still return'd inrag'd, amaz'd, unblest,
Till fairest *Hecate* heard her request.
Not far from *Talmos* there a City was,
Cesperia nam'd *Delia's* denoted place,
Where she a temple had sacred to her,
Where oft unmarried people did prefer
Their pray'rs, remoted only for the same;
Ny *Hymi* veall servants thither came

Now was the time, when cloth'd in *Scythian* whites
Her Priests were ready to perform her rites;
Her Cups were with (*asialon* liquors fill'd,
Her Altar with pale Sacrifices hill'd,
That all her virgins came to wait upon her
Bearing their *Vestall* lamps *Diana's* honor.
When *Sepha* t'wards her temple did repair,
Cloth'd all in yellow, whose dishevell'd hair,
Stirr'd with the winde, gave a reflective shine,
As *Jove* had tow'd her in a golden shrine.
Down to *Gargaphia*, did she take her way,
Fear lending wings, since Love had caus'd her stay
Too long, and as she tript o're those fair Lawns,
Roughfooted Satyres, Satyres, Nymphs and Fawns,
With various colour'd flowers which they had set,
Made for her feet a pleasant Carquenett.
Her eyes when first they glanc't towards the place,
Whither she would, O more than human race,
Said she, be thou propitious to me still;
Impute not this delay, want of good will
Towards thy holy Laws, and as she prayd,
The more she run, the more she thought she staid;
Chiefly for this, when first her tender feet,
With gentle motions brought her to those sweet,
Those diapred, those rape enamor'd dales,
First mother to those cool perfumed gales,
Which *Zephyrus* from flowry Meadows sends,
To court *Aurora*, whose beauty extends
(Like blushing sighs with which women beguile)
Back to the same to grace them with a smile.
She heard shrill voices, shrill complaining cryes,
The hasty messengers of some dull eyes,
Call her to witness with lamenting verse,
Like those that use to houl over the herse

O

Of their dead friends; to which as women uſe,
he gives a skreek, women can ſeldome chuſe;
Which skreek, whether it were for ſtrangeneſs rather,
That all the Silvan dwellers 'bout her gather,
Or whether 'twas the rareneſs of her voice,
s ſure it was, for that O Heav'nly noiſe,
Hath power to lead the wildeſt rudeſt ear,
Which once thoſe Heav'nly raptures doth but hear,
rom uncivility, to deep amaze;
ut be it what it will, they all did gaze
nd flock about her, ſilent, pale, and wan,
ill one (it ſeemes the chiefeſt of them all) began,
ence ugly grief, to which they all agree,
hough our King's gon, wee'l make our Queen of thee;
hen gan they leap and dance, with ſuch delight,
Which put fair *Sepha* into ſuch a fright,
That from her eyes ſhe let fall ſuch a frown,
hat ſeen of them, they all fell trembling down.
et ſuch was *Sepha's* vertue and good nature,
That ſhe would not permit the ſmalleſt creature,
hrough her to periſh, if from her there came
Ought did extingiſh the deſired flame
Of life, the ſame to her own heart return'd;
or with the like deſire of Love ſhe burn'd:
he would have gon and left them, but compaſſion
Of their then grief, caus'd a deliberation,
Half gon ſhe turn'd again, and with her hand
elping them up, ſaith let me underſtand,
he cauſe you weep, if it require my art,
Vith you to grieve, with you I'l bear a part.
When one awakened with exceſs of bliſs,
oſe up, and gan to kiſs her ears with this.

Niſæan Silenus born of *Indian* race, The Tale of Bacchus & Diana.
Once kept yon hill, yon *Gaurus* was his place,
His palace was with paleſt marble rais'd,
Imbrac't with bluſhing grapes, and often prais'd
By thoſe, which never yet the reaſon knew,
For thoſe ſweet ſmelling flowers about it grew.
The way that leads you to this more than bleſt
Elizium, was bordred with a neſt
Of *Hyacinths*, which now begin to ſpred
Their *Amiclean* flowers into a bed;
Like that of Lillies, which our Poets ſay,
Leads now to him, inſtil'd the *Milkie way*;
There was no path went creeping through the ſame,
Which might delude the moſt opprobrious name,
With *Pallicies*, for ſo they might ſuppoſe,
The way that leads to honor doth incloſe
A world of bliſs, when each eye hath his charm,
The way to honor hath a world of harm.
I ſpeak not this to diſallow the rites
Honoria claims, the ſelf-ſame way invites
As well to honor, as well not to honor,
For ſhe hath equall ballance caſt upon her;
But to uphold the bleſt *Silenian* way,
Whoſe ſmooth egreſſions will admit no ſtay,
To thoſe who t'wards *Briſean* Altars hie,
Till they enjoy th' *Niſean Canopy*:
A vale there is, which from a low deſcent
Of a late Hill, did ſomewhat repreſent
Phlegrean plains, nurſt by *Meanders* waves,
Which cut their bedds, and furrow their own graves.
This was *Nemea* call'd, a fertile plain,
Bedew'd with blood of *Miſian* cattle, ſlain

(a) *Silenus* herein is uſed for *Bacchus*.

For

For sacrifice, brought by th' *Ismenides*,
The wrath of just *Silenus* to appease.
Whose angry frowns fright you from that blest vale;
But till you to a far more pleasant dale,
Which mounted by two stepps doth yeeld a sight
More smooth than glass, more glorious than delight.
A heap of Pines there are, which equall range
On either side, a pleasant sight but strange,
To those ne're saw't, through which there lye a glede,
Smooth bladed grass, which shews you the abode
Of *Bacchus* guide, then come you to a Court,
Where all the crew of Satyres doe resort;
And with shrill cryes do make his pallace ring,
And *Io, Io, Bacchanalia* sing.
No wall there is that doth inclose the same,
Tis hem'd with lawrel trees of the bigst frame,
And under them there is a bushy hedge
Of Rosemary, which cut ev'n make a ledge,
For various colour'd flowers his Clients bring,
They are the curteous offrings of the spring.
In midst of which fair Court there is a Font,
Of Christall streams, where oft a Goddess wont,
With diverse Damsels, Goddesses I think,
Because their beauty hath such power to link
Men to their love, for sure such Heav'nly faces
Ne're sprung from mortall; ne're from humane races.
But be they as they are, in that same Well
They us'd to bath, the Statues there can tell,
Chlamidias shrines th' are call'd, and strong defence
That were erected at her going thence.
Which story if you'l please but to admit
And bless the ground so much, as here to sit
(Fair Lady) 'tis not tedious, wee'l relate
The Tragick ends, and te ll the heavy fate

There lies intomb'd, we will in ev'ry thing
Present to you the figure of the spring.
Time slips too fast (said *Sepha*) and my way
Is long, I cannot well admit the stay
To hear it told, but since you say 'tis short,
I'l linger time to hear out your report.
Then thus: Our God hearing what Heav'nly shapes
Haunted those groves, and with what store of grapes
It did abound; said rise and lets go see,
Perhaps it is a dwelling fit for me.
Whither being come, and having took a view
Of each delight, what pleasure might accrew
By dwelling there, said lets begin to build;
The ground is fragrant, 'tis a pleasant field
With odours dreft, Marble shall be our stone,
Cedar our Timber, the Foundation
On yonder hill, yon hill that will be proud,
To be instil'd the powrfull *Bacchus* shroud.
At this the Goddess laught, and in a scorn,
More sham'd and ruddy than the blushing Morn
Escap't from *Tytans* arms, doth nimbly rise,
While pale revenge sits trembling in her eyes,
Ready to ruine those that dare presume
To view, much less to touch her hallow'd room;
She girts her armor on, and to her side
Her quiver, full of bloody arrows ty'd,
In her left hand her bow, and with the other
Tearing the grapes from their beloved Mother;
Tramples them on the ground, and in a rage,
(For so it seems no treaties could asswage
Her furious wrath) *Bacchus* said she, thou Clown
So shall I trample thy Imperiall Crown.
How durst thou (vilain) dare to touch this Isle?
And with thy nasty carkass to defile

My holy place? (Egregious drunkard) how
Durſt thou preſume t'offend my Virgin brow?
What recompence art able to beſtow?
Or how wilt thou my powrfull wrath o're-goe?
How wilt thou my deſtroying anger miſs?
Or what requitall ſhall I have for this?
Thy death I will not work leſt it be known,
I ſo much goodneſſe to thee ſhould have ſhown
In ſlaying thee, t'would be as bad diſgrace,
Should it be known that thou haſt ſeen my face.
Thou happy of this favour maiſt rejoice,
My damſels ſcorn that thou ſhouldſt hear my voice,
What a vile ſtain, what laughing there would be,
Should the world know I daign to ſpeak to thee.
How ſhall I Combate then? or thee expell
From the ſociety of this bleſt Well?
See how theſe Roſes at thy boldnes bluſh,
Thoſe flowers dye which thy proud feet do cruſh.
See how the trembling Lillies ſtoop a low,
Grow pale and droop, for fear thou wilt not goe.
The Birds no more will ſing while thou art here,
Theſe ſilver ſtreams doe murmur plaints for fear
Thou wilt their drops defile, the very skyes
Since thou cam'ſt hither have withdrawn their eyes.
And ſince thou haſt this flowry place defac't,
No more we ſhall of their ſweet favour taſt
To cheriſh us, here is a ſpacious way,
Be packing then or at thy perill ſtay.
Vile words againſt a God, who ſmiling ſaid;
Here will I live, and thou ſhalt be my maid:
Thy maid ſaid ſhe, to do thee ſervice then,
With this weak arm, and theſe ſhall be thy men,
Sending him ſhowrs of arrows, which invade
His Nurſes hearts and there a Tavern made.

Bacchus at this grew wroth, his rudy face
Where the best beauty us'd to have a place,
Grew pale, and pale: *Bellona* now said he,
Be thou propitious to my Sov'raignty.
What spitefull God hath sent these mortall shapes?
Wicked devourers of my sacred grapes;
Nor enmity alone against the fruit,
Will them suffice, who seek to spoil the root.
Fair Girl he said; think'st thou I dread thy power,
Dare mickle Fortune on my pleasure lower?
My Father guides the motion of the year,
His dwelling is beyond the middle Sphere.
Heav'n is his palace, where his power's known;
Power waits on him, *Elisium* is his own;
My mother's of no base nor mean descent
With whom all Graces had their Complement.
And though shee's mortall, yet her pedigree,
Portrays in brazen lines her memory;
From worthy *Cadmus*, whose descent doth spring
From old *Agenor* the *Phœnician* King.
How dar'st thou then revile my holy fire?
I am a God, and can withstand thine ire?
Can these thy threatnings then make me the worse?
Or dost thou think thy arrows can have force
To pierce my powrfull skin. Fond foe forbear,
Th'are fit'st for *Cupids* use, by *Styx* I swear
A secret influence hath my honor sav'd,
I have in *Lethe* lake my body lav'd.
This said, his leavy javelin up he takes,
At sight of which the fearfull Goddesse quakes,
He turns him back to his devoted train
In whose each hand a *Thirsis* did remain,
Whose fiery valour never was withstood,
Good was their courage, and their valour good.

Forbear

Forbear ſaid he, let not your anger light
On theſe, ſo far unworthy for your fight,
What ſtain ſhall we endure? when it be ſaid,
So many *Hecatompilus* have made
War with a ſilly maid? what though ſhe ſtrive
Through haughty pride our honor to ſurvive?
Vrge not her fight who cannot manage it.
Fie, are theſe ſubjects for your valour fit?
Forbear I ſay, and let your wrath be kept,
For thoſe who have our ancient honors ſwept
Into a dirty lake; let it ſuffice
This moutain ſhall our Orgies memorize.
With that another ſhowr of darts ſhe ſends
From nimble arms, whoſe multitude extends
All o're the Army which our God had there,
Enough to move a valiant God with fear;
So thick they came, that like the Ev'ning cloud,
Or like an Arbor, or a Leavy ſhroud
Remaining long, they might have caus'd a dearth,
They kept the courteous Sun from the dark earth.
Go too ſaid *Bacchus*, let all pity fade,
And fight on now, we now ſhall fight i'th' ſhade;
Then gan a deſp'rate war, but being divine,
No harm was done, the greateſt harm was mine,
Till fair *Amigone*, alas too rare,
Too young alas, alas too Heav'nly fair
To leave this haven, exchang'd her mortall hue
And leapt to Heav'n, I ſaw her as ſhe flew.
A wound ſhe had, nor was there any place
But that alone, but that which could deface
Her rudy cheeks, her lips that oft did ſhove
Life to the hearts of thoſe that ſaw them move,

And thus it chanc'd, *Hæmon* the faireſt boy
Of *Thebes* City, would go ſport and toy
With *Cupids* darts, and *Cupid* being blind,
(And Love you know when vext is oft unkind)
Pull'd them away, *Hæmon* would him withſtand,
And as he held, he chanc't to race his hand.
This being ſlighted gan to feſter in,
And having got a newly welcom'd skin,
Began to feſter more; it being ſmall,
And of ſmall pain was pitti'd not at all,
By him I mean, who as it ſeems delighted
In this new pain; and that's the cauſe 'twas ſlighted:
Now was it grown unto a doubled height
His breſt within, and with a nimble ſleight
Began his heart to bore, when he o'recharg'd,
Could not ſuppreſs that fire which now inlarg'd
It ſelf with larger flames; it kiſt his heart,
And he kiſt it, like one loth to impart
Some ſerious thought, from his o're burthened breſt,
And yet detaining it can find no reſt.
Have you not ſeen the *Heliconian* ſpring,
Send her beloved ſtreams a wandering
The vale below, who ready to fulfill
(Though murmuring for grief) their mothers will,
Glide on apace, yet oft with watry eyes,
Look t'wards the place where their bleſt mother lyes;
While ſhe with crooked bublings doth complain,
Now calls them in, then thruſts them forth again.
So was't with *Hæmon* loth to loſe the bliſs,
The pleaſing joyes he hop't to reap from this
His new intended life, alſo unwilling
To diſpoſſeſs himſelf of thoſe diſtilling
And gratefull honours, from *Diana* came,
Due only to the lovers of her name.

The ſto
Hæmon
Antigon

In both perplext alike he sits amaz'd;
(*Symptomes of Love*) and o're the valleys gaz'd,
Starts up, sits down, admires with foolish joy
The fruits thereof, detests as much th'annoy
The same ingenders, having 'fore his eyes,
The sad examples of the miseries
It hath produc't; *Leanders* heavy fate,
Makes him eschew it now as much with hate,
As e're before he to it zealous was,
Whose Tragedyes are unto him a glass.
In this extreme, what will not *Venus* doe?
He studies how, and can already woe.
Admit said he, the winged boy would send
Into this place the picture of that friend,
I best could honor; should I be approv'd
Or no? for yet he knew not whom he lov'd;
Or should I chance of that fair chance to chance:
Could I in lovers phrase my love advance?
Say *Cupid*, or if yet thou think'st I cannot,
Make tryall, and if too much she disdain not,
Thy book He quickly learn, before the morn
Descry our blots, there's none a workman born;
And at our next encounter I'l so gain
Thy approbation, there shall not a stain,
Deface my quill to make my study faulter,
Whole showrs of Myrrh I'l pour upon thy Altar.
Thy Altar shall with saffron streams appear,
And I with yellow garments will be there;
There will I be to see thy service don,
The Oaths betroth'd by thy beloved son,
On high *Hymenus* hil, and ere the same
Had flown from *Hamons* sacred breth, there came
A Lady by, nor onely one there was,
Yet had there been no more, she did surpass

All beauties could have come, *Antigone*
Whose face from sable night did snatch the day,
And made it day, what need I shew the same?
I know'ts enough, if you but know her name.
Antigone came thither, thither came
Blind *Cupids* Love, and there the goodly frame
Of Natures pride, whose beauty can procure
Each wink to make, each love spectators sure.
Three sisters they, but one of all the rest
More fair and lovely was, and far more blest
With Natures gifts, and that was only she
Whom men alone did call *Antigone*.
Her cheeks bedeckt with lines of Christall veins,
Were like that rudy blush *Aurora* gains
From *Tellus* breath; whose odors doe incroach
O're flowry fields to welcome her approach.
She came with such a Majesty and Grace,
As if the Gods in her all-conquering face,
Had kept their Parlament, the Milky way,
Running *Meander*-like with crooked stray
From her white chin, lead to that hill which yields
A prospect o're the fair *Elisian* fields.
Her upper garments were of milky hue,
And under them a coat of azure blue;
Some stars of Gold there were, and those but small,
Were like the shour *Phœbus* let on her fall.
The blew seen through the white, with that fair shows
Seem'd like a cloud that did inshrine a power.
Her hair not loose as some do use to wear,
Ribonds of Gold were proud to tye her hair,
And so delighting held it up so hard,
Lovers from favours of it were debarr'd.
Each step she took, was like a vertuous way,
Or path where her distressed Lovers lay:

For

For as ſhe went caſting her eyes aſide,
Many admiring at her beauty dy'd,
Of all the geſtures that her body had,
With one eſpeciall geſture ſhe was clad;
And that was this, oft as thou us'd to walk
Into the groves to hear the ſmall birds talk,
Antigone thy praiſe, thou oft was us'd,
(I think by ſome diviner power infus'd)
To raviſh men, often was thou indu'd
With that ſweet grace which each ſpectator ru'd,
A careleſſe winding of thy body 'twas
Reeling, and nodding as thou by didſt paſs,
Like friſking Kidds upon the Mountains ſeen,
Or wanton Lambs that play upon the Green.
Then wouldſt thou leap from bank to bank, and riſe
Th' *Jocaſtean* body into the skies.
While *Zephyrus* better to help the flee,
Would flie beneath, but 'twas thy Heav'n to ſee.
Then wouldſt thou ſwing abroad thy tender hands',
At whoſe pure ſhine, each eye amazed ſtands,
And with thy finger beck, which gave excuſe
To lovers, ſaying thou call'dſt, but twas thy uſe,
This *Hamon* ſaw, ev'n as the ſmiling ground,
With various-colour'd flowers her temples crown'd;
She crops a roſe, and why ſo did ſhe ſeek,
There was a purer Roſie in her cheek;
But (Lord to ſee) putting it to her noſe,
What purer beauty could there be then thoſe?
Like Corall held in her moſt moſt pure hands,
Or blood and ſickly milk that mingled ſtands.
The pale-fac'd Lillie from the ſtalk ſhe tears,
Ev'n as the Lillie, ſo *Narciſſus* fares,
Sweet *Crocus* from his weeping root ſhe twinds
And him with his beloved *Smilax* binds.

Nor

Nor *Hyacinthus* muſt this favours flie,
Who with the *Cyprian Anenony*.
After ſhe had retir'd into a ſhade,
Of theſe diſcolour'd flowers a poſie made,
Then lying down, (for ſleep began to play
The wanton with her eye-lids as ſhe lay)
She ſlept, not ſeeing *Hamon* who ſtill kept
Out of her ſight, or elſe ſhe had not ſlept.
Then gan the Silvan warblers to renew
Their pleaſant notes, with all the merry crew
Kind Spring affords, each ſtriving beſt to keep,
Their untaught quaver, lulling her aſleep.
Her Poſie to her left hand ſhe convey'd,
And on that hand her weary head ſhe laid;
Her right hand had the office to employ
A ſafeguard to her breſt, where *Hamons* eye
Stood ready fixt, ſoftly he would have ſtole
The Poſie thence, but each wink did controle
His bold attempt, at laſt with raviſh'd joy,
That Fortune op't to him ſo fair a way
To ſo divine a mark, he gently laid
His trembling lips to hers, and ſoftly ſaid,
Ye Powrs be thank't, and if ſuch power ye have,
As there's no power but what is yours, ô ſave
Your ſervant, ô permit not her diſdain,
T'acquaint my heart with juſt cauſe to complain:
Still let her ſleep, rob me not of this bliſs,
Still let her ſleep, e're I this favour miſs,
Camelion-like I'l live upon her breath,
It *Nectar* is, and will preſerve from death.
With that ſhe wak'd, and ſeeing there ſo nie,
An unknown gueſt, ſhe roſe and gan to flie
Aba ſh'd ſhe would have ſpoke, but too much fear
Caus'd it ſo ſoftly that one could not hear

Whether

Whether she chid or no, Great Queen said she,
Who art rewarder of Integrity,
Let me not be defil'd; this *Hamon* heard,
And would have answer'd, but he was debarr'd.
By her ensuing voice which might inflame
Cold *Neptunes* bosome, if but heard the same.
She views him well, surveys with curious eye
His face, * who with like language doth reply,
A face she saw, the face she sure had known
But that she did compar't with was her own,
Of beauty pure, too pure she thought it was,
To be the picture of a humane face,
Those speaking looks, that Grace and Majesty,
Far better would befit a *Deity*.
To whom she said, but what I must omit,
Since I am ignorant, nor is it fit,
To let my thoughts into those secrets pry,
which they deny,
For had she not been curious of her will,
She n'ere had whisper'd, n'ere had been so still.
But *Hamon* thus,
Lady your looks a Tragick tale unfold,
I fear the end before I hear it told,
Why should you tremble so? or be affraid
Of him in whom your power is display'd?
Remit this boldness that I did intrude
Into your sacred Grove, ô fair exclude
Not my complaints from your still honor'd praise,
Lest sable night give period to my dayes.
Peace said *Antigone*, shall ev'ry grove,
Where babling Echoes dwell witness your love?

* *Alterna facies sibi dat responsa rubore, & tenet affectum prodit atque pudor.*

So

So much I heard, and saw her prettie look
Shew him her face in which there lay a book
By *Cupids* finger wrote, while he o're joy'd,
Kist as she spake, and with her ribonds toy'd:
He took her by the hand and softly crusht
Sweet balm from thence, at sight of which she blu
He would have sav'd the same, but of it mist,
She would have spake, but as she spake he kist.
Then met his hands about her tender wast,
So *Jupiter* when *Danae* he imbrac't,
And such like toyes they us'd as lovers use
While a pure kiss (as if they would infuse
Into each others brest their souls) was given,
For *Hamon* vow'd by all the Powers of Heaven,
No impious thought that honour should molest,
Which was ingraven in his loyall brest.
And that he was from all deceit as free,
As he desir'd to finde *Antigone*.
Goe then said she, 'tis but one lingring night,
Our bodies part, but ah, they parted quite.
For she towards *Diana* took her way;
Where then in Camp *Dianas* virgins lay,
Ready to give our God their strong assault;
Where she was slain, Oh, 'twas her *Hamons* fault,
For he belike that *Cupid* had implor'd
Which some call God, that favour to afford,
Through his beloveds brest with his keen dart,
To make an easie passage to her heart.
Which *Cupid* to fulfill did open lay
A hole through which a Iavelin took his way.
At this she starts, revenge my death she cry'd,
Hamon my love, *Hamon* farewell and dy'd.
At this disaster *Dian* did repine,
Hold, hold said she (*Bacchus*) the battle's thine.

The hill I'le leave, yet e're I take my way,
Permit that I by yonder ſpring do lay
My Virgin dead, which yeelded, there ſhe laid
Her corps, and over them a Statue made;
It ſtood upright, and looking t'wards the Eaſt,
The blood ran trickling down her wounded breſt,
And on each ſide her ſiſters ſtatue ſtood,
With weeping clothes wiping away the blood.
This being done *Diana* left the place,
Fears making furrowes in her virgin face,
Her Siſters left to let her body lye,
But ſince their Statues did accompany
Her tomb, they took their way, having don this,
To yon *Caſperna* where her Temple is.
Now *Tytan* weary of that ſable bed
Night did him lend, towards *Aurora* fled,
When *Hamon* weary of ſlow-footed hours,
Oft wiſht the morning, which come, each cloud lowrs,
The windes ſpake loud, and little birds were mute,
For *Sol* had cloth'd him in a mourning ſute,
The morning wept, but what it might foreſhow
Hamo ſuſpected not, ſweet Winds did blow
No more, the Powers themſelves with heavy eyes
Gave a conſent to weep her Tragedies.
Straight to the place appointed there to meet,
He hi'd, time lending wings unto his feet,
He calls his love, *Antigone* he cries,
Why art ſo ſlow to meet him who relies
Vpon thy faith, more than upon his own?
Then ſpeaks unto the Trees, have you not known
Which way ſhe went? or hath ſhe not bin here?
Is ſhe too ſlow? ſhe is too ſlow I fear,

Himself replies, and like a Tiger flees,
With raving eyes, enquires of all he sees.
The faireſt Roſie that the garden bred,
Saith he, hath now forgot the Mother bed
Of its firſt birth. I feare it hath been pulld
By ſome unluckie hand, whoſe drops have lulld
It in a bath of Mildew, or hath been,
Cauſe of miſhap, cauſe of ſome deadly ſin,
Elſe why ſhould *Phebus* ſhame to ſhow his face?
And creep behind a cloud, leſt ſome diſgrace
Should taint him of conſpiracy; or why
Should *Cœlum's* veſture yeeld a Sympathy
Of griefe? or why ſhould ſhrill complaining cryes
Of Ecchoes ſtrive to peirce the Azure Skies?
Wherefore do little Birds forbeare to ſing
To *Amphiluche*, and her praiſes ring
Along the vallies? Why do Lillies fade?
Or why do Roſes yield a ruddy ſhade
For their late ſickly leaves? ther's ſome miſhap,
Hath ſure enforc't the Fatall Nymphes to crap
Their ſtill ſtill brittle threads, the virgin ſigne
No more I ſee's belov'd, but doth repine,
The cuſtody thereof for thrice five years,
And that's the Infants time; the Cypreſſe fears
To bud, leſt in pale hours it ſhould be torn,
And cropt lamented Herſes to adorn.
What this Eclipſe, what this cloud might preſage,
This bluſhing Earth preſenting now a ſtage,
I cann't conjecture, unleſs it ſhould be
A Theatre to act a tragedie.
With theſe, and ſuch like words, he vents his Soul,
Of thoſe o're burth'ning maladies, and foul
Conjectures, which ſuch torments did inflict
Vpon his heart, enough even to convict

Him

Him of a ſincere love, which like a wind,
Hurries him to the Spring, there there to find
His Miſtris ſtatue, O unhappy eyes
Of mine, ſaid he, that view the obſequies
Of my dear love; what did not *Hæmon* ſay?
He beats his breſt, endeavours to allay
His ſcorned life, and from his head he tears
Whole handfulls of his hairs.
(Ye ſullen Gods.) what mov'd you to divide
Her Soul from hence, diſtracted *Hæmon* cryde?
Seek'd yea for ſome revenge? tis true alas,
Becauſe her vertues did your vertues paſſe.
Ye Fatall Nymphs that hurry on the threads
Of our weak lives, and cut it in the midds
Of our beſt time, what moved you to be
So envious againſt *Antigone*?
But ſince your Powrs have made me ſo accurſt
By her ſad death, ye Powrs now do your worſt;
Yet help me firſt to weep before I die,
For my *Antigone* an Elegie.
With that he took his pen, and having wrote
Her heavy dirge with a lamenting note,
He laid him down upon her Tomb, and praid,
Then with a Sphear a ſpeedy paſſage made
Towards his love, ev'n to whoſe throne he cryd,
Make room for me my love, ſo figh'd and dyd.
At this miſchance the Fatalls did repine,
And turn'd his blood into a Columbine,
Which ſtill retains his nature, in three days,
It gains its prime, and in its prime decays.
His body then repoſing on her urne,
The Gods did to a Marble ſtatue turne,
Whole head upon his weary hand doth reſt,
And looking fixedfaſt on her wounded breſt,

Surveys the blood, that blood with watry eye
Which leavs her breſt to turn t'a Tulippie.
So *Hæmon* t'wards *Eliſium* did flie.
But e're he went he left this Elegie
Vnder her feet ingraven, on which be
The lively praiſe of dead *Antigone*.

Raviſht with *Nectar* breathing from thoſe dales,
Where *Zephirus* in all his worth remains,
I paſt th' *Arabian* deſarts, and the vales,
And thence I jorney'd o're the *Scythian* plains,
I jorney'd thence, and in *Diana's* bowers,
My eyes bedew'd me with diſtilling ſhowers.

I ſate me down to think upon my loves,
The thought of which proceedings made me weep,
Vntill the warbling chanters of the groves
Lull'd me into a ſweet and pleaſant ſleep.
Me thought I ſported on th' *Arcadian* mountains,
And then I ſate me by *Minerva's* Fountains.

Sitting and muſing by thoſe ſilver ſtreams,
Where babling Ecchoes whiſper'd forth my mone,
As if awakened from ſome glorious dream,
The Muſes ſhew'd me on a marble ſtone,
Character'd lines of gold, whoſe triple layes
I coppi'd out to prattle forth their praiſe.

Aſpire to honour her whoſe glories ſuch,
Nature hath given that artificiall face,
No Muſe nor Goddeſs can delight ſo much,
Excepting her who is her chiefeſt grace;
Oft ſo the Dove a whiter Turtle brings,
And from the ſelf ſame root, a fairer flower ſpringes.

Some

Some ſay the faireſt *Cupid* being mov'd,
Mourn'd as he went, and thinking on her pin'd,
Intirely ſeeking, ſeeking her he lov'd,
Till too much gazing on her made him blind,
He call'd her *Veſta*, and to prove the ſame,
Erected up a Trophee to her name.

Durſt I but tell the world how much I love her,
Omitting nothing that I could expreſs,
Rapt in thoſe Heav'nly joyes that ſeem'd to hover,
Only to crown her with their ſacred bliſs;
Too long I ſhould upon her praiſes dwell,
Hymnes are unworthy of her worth to tell.

Symethis ſhows how far her voice exceeds
Muſicall charms, whoſe ſacred breath doth ſink
Inchanted hearts, and where it ſtayes it breeds
The ſweet *Nepenthe* which the Gods do drink.
Having their love, they make her what they can,
Equall to them, too Heav'nly for a man.

Many that view her ſweet *Eliſian* face
Admiring ſtand, as if ſome ſilver hook
Ran from her eyes to tye them to the place,
Tempting the Gods to read the am'rous book
Her cheeks incloſe, while every wanton air,
As proud to kiſs her, ſporteth with her hair.

Seſtos injoy'd ſo beautifull a Laſs,
Me thought her equall could not eaſily be,
If yet with *Hero* ſhe compared was,
'Twas not fair *Hero* that's ſo fair as ſhe,
Her face bedeckt with beauties ſweet adorning,
Exceedeth far the bluſhing of the morning.

Yet see how Fate hath stole her Soul away,
And wrapt it in the fair *Elisian* rest,
Slow time, admit me here no longer stay,
Till blest with her, I never can be blest;
Receive dear Love into those Azure skyes,
This soule who whilome to thy bosome flyes.

So much for this now for the cause we weep,
(Fair Lady) know *Bacchus* is fall'n asleep.
The nature of the Spring we have declar'd,
So have you of *Dianas* battell heard;
At this she sigh'd, and as she gently praid
For some revenge, the Satyres grew affraid:
The winds spoke loud, *Diana* in choler burn'd,
And each of them cleaving to trees, she turn'd
To Ivie, whence it still is twinding found,
And *Bacchus* nurses are with Ivie crown'd.
Thus Fortune, (whose continuall wheely force,
Keeps constant course, still keeps unconstant course)
Bequeath'd her harme; and *Sepha* with amaze,
Tript o're the plains towards that sacred place,
Casperia nam'd, and as she thus did hie,
Trust me *Arcadius* came riding by,
He look't on *Sepha*, oh what good it wrought
To her, who with her earnest eyes besought,
One ravisht word to ope those lips, but they
Lurkt still in glories garden as they lay.
At this she sigh'd, ô how she sigh'd at this,
Farwell said she, and if I needs must miss
Of these fair hopes, yet shall my tender mind
Accuse thee not, thy horse did prove unkind,
To carry thee so fast; thus with this thought,
And such like meditations, she was brought

Vnto the Temple now with Roſes ſtrew'd,
Then to the altar with ſweet balm bedew'd;
Where when the Rites and Ceremonies done,
She read this ſuperſcription was thereon.

Thoſe that *Idalia's* wanton garments wear,
No Sacrifices for me muſt prepare;
To me no quav'ring ſtring they move
Nor yet *Alphean* muſick love,
Theres no perfume
Delights the room,
From ſacred hands,
My Altar ſtands
Void and defac't,
While I diſgrac't,
With angry eyes
Revenge the cryes
Of you who to my Altar haſt,
And in my lawes take your repaſt;
Purſue it ſtill, the chief of my pretence
And happineſs, ſhall be your innocence.

After ſh'had read what vile reproach and ſtain
Her Queen indur'd, what juſt cauſe to complain
Hung on her breſt, by an aſperſion thrown
Vpon her Damſells glories, and her own,
She ſighes, and through enough and too much ſorrow,
Diſdaines to live, for true love hates to borrow
Art to bewail miſhap, and as ſhe fainted,
Alas too much unfit, and unacquainted
With grief, ſhe ſighing ſaid with ſwelling eye,
The root depriv'd of heat, the branches dye.
Then gan her ſenſe to play the Tragick part
Of Fate, and *Atropos* joy'd in her art.

Each thing ſhe ſaw (as all were proud t'advance
Themſelves to her fair eyes) now ſeem'd to dance,
And turning round, the Temple where ſhe ſtood,
To her wet eyes preſented a pale flood.
While ſhe with ſcrambling hands ſeeking to take
Hold leſt ſhe fell, fell down into that Lake.
Where ſtrugling ſtill, with many pretty dint
Her curious hand did give the earth a print,
For *Sepha's* ſake, which print the earth ſtill keeps,
Of which wee'l ſpeak a while, while *Sepha* ſleeps.
A fooliſh Prince (not wiſe becauſe he vow'd
Virginity to dwell within a cloud)
And ſo much honor to her did aſcribe,
Many had thought he had receiv'd a Bribe
To vaunt her praiſe, and Laurellize her name,
His mouth and he were Trumpets to her fame.
I ſay a Maiden Prince was lately there,
Whoſe cuſtome was twice five times ev'ry year,
Cloth'd all in white, and ſtain'd with ſpots of black,
A yellow ribond ty'd along his back,
To offer Turtle doves with ſilver plumes,
And ſtrew the place with Aromatick fumes.
He was a Prince, born of a royall blood,
And being nobly born, was nobly good;
Nor onely good he was, but ſtout and wiſe,
(Save that this fond opinion vail'd his eyes;)
Elſe he in ev'ry action was upright,
And free from vice, as ſorrow from delight.
Of Courage good, for valour oft had bound
His Temples up, and them with Laurell crown'd.
Beauty lay lurking in his Magick face,
Worthy of praiſe ſince it choſe ſuch a place;
Thoſe ruddy lips, thoſe cheeks ſo heav'nly fair,
Where Love did play the wanton with his hair,

The ſtory of *Erami* and *Amiſa*.

Did

Did witneſſe it, and witneſſe this his line,
I found ingraven ore his golden ſhrine,
By ſome beloved hand, whoſe pen doth ſpeak,
(Though willingly) his praiſe alas to weak.

Lo here he lies, inſhrind with his own fame,
Whoſe virtue's gone abroad to tell his name.

This Prince returning home by thoſe dim lights,
After he had perform'd the ſacred rites
Of his pure zeal, for night came peeping on,
Whoſe ſable face had thruſt the weary ſun
Beyond the Northern Pole, whether it was
To hide her fault, and bring his end to paſſe;
Or whether twas to view his ſacrifice,
She ſtealing came, or t' keep him from the eyes
Of thoſe deſtroyers that about did gather
To ſteal his life, or haſt diſtruction rather,
To me tis not reveal'd, but ſure it is,
To ſure alas, Conſpicuous fate was his.
Could Heaven permit the deed? or give conſent,
(Who ſhould be juſt) to the accompliſhment
Of this nefarious act? could *Phabus* eye
Be dazled ſo, or yield a ſympathy
To this rebellious inhumanity?
Better had he renounc't the vowes he made,
And ſpent his days under ſome gloomy ſhade;
Better had he in flowry fields abide,
And lead his flock by purling Rivers ſide;
Better had he beſtrid the ſomy waves,
Where *Paſtolus* his weary body laves;
Yea better far he nere had been allide
To *Dian's* Laws far better had he dy'd.

And

And die he did, did death commit a ſinne?
No, yet when firſt his arrows doe begin
Vntimely death to force, tis often ſaid,
His ſulphur breath hath the ſweet ſpring decaid.
He was but young, the girdle of the year,
By which our humane actions do appear,
And ſo we live and dye, had nere imbrac't
Thrice three times twice his young and tender waſt,
Scarce could he ſtand upon the joyfull ground,
And crop thoſe bluſhing cherries which he found
Vpon their infant trees, yet envious eye,
Conſpir'd to end his perpetuity.
And thus it was, as young *Eramio* came
From *Dians* temple (for ſo was his name)
Amiſſa, who had oft deſir'd to free
Her breſt of that hell-knawing jealouſie
By her conceiv'd, for this *Amiſſa* had
Bin with the beauty of *Eramio* clad,
In a ſupreme deſire towards his love,
Oft with her letters did ſhe ſtrive to move,
With *Cupids* lawes him to retain alliance,
Till he, who ſcorn'd obedience gave defiance.
This could not cool that heat which had inſpir'd
A longing hopes to that which he deſir'd,
She ſighs, and weeps; ſhe ſighs and laughs, ſhe cryes,
And in a rage doth heave towards the skyes
Her feeble hands, ſhe ſtudies how to tempt
Him to her lure, (lovers are oft exempt
Of modeſty) and in a rage doth go
Towards her inke, (as lovers uſe to doe)
And frames this letter, which I chanc'd to meet,
Ah me, twas young *Eramio's* winding ſheet.

Amiſſa to *Eramio*.

I Heard how elder times enjoy'd the bliſs
Of uncouth love, Fame the Hiſtorian is;
Men whoſe heroick ſpirits ſcorn to bend
Their gallant necks to any ſervile hand,
Whoſe beauty could command as noble eyes,
I, and as many as theſe Azure skies
E're ſhew'd thy face, to view with a deſire
Their glorious parts, and viewing to admire;
Yet theſe in whom each God have plac'd an eye,
To make a ſhrill and pleaſant harmony
Of all their glories in one ſound alone,
Yet theſe ſo far have their affection ſhown,
With ſword and lance to make their faith approv'd,
Though as thy ſelf not half ſo well belov'd.
How canſt thou then diſdain this humble ſute
Of a pure love? how can thy pen be mute?
Many deteſting love, and ſcorn his name,
Yet with their pens will certifie the ſame
By anſwer, that they may that harm prevent
Of future hopes, for *Silence gives Conſent*.
Shall ſtill unkindneſs overflow the brim?
Leander did to faireſt *Hero* ſwim,
But I muſt come my ſelf, and void of good
To ſtrengthen me, muſt make my tears the flood,
And when I come, thy Tower ſo faſt is barr'd,
Thy ſuppliants weak complaint will not be heard;
What is the cauſe thou doſt affection ſcorn?
Shall baſe contempt thoſe lovely browes adorn?
Am I too mean? look what I want of it,
So much my loyall love ſhall make me fit.

Let

Let not thy thoughts accuſe me cauſe I ſue,
For true love clad with vertue needs muſt wooe;
Nor let thy Anſwer ſhow I am refus'd,
But uſe me now ev'n as thou would'ſt be us'd.

Amiſſa.

This mov'd *Eramio* much, who (worthy Knight,)
As ignorant as free from Loves delight,
Like purling Quails, who ev'n now are ſecure,
With pleaſant tunes are train'd unto the lure
Of the deceitfull fowler, ſo was he.
As this his Anſwer will a witneſs be.

Eramio to *Amiſſa.*

(FAire Queen) that favour which you pleas to give
To my unworthineſſe, ſhall make me live
Renoun'd, when ſo much love you do bequeath,
Blown by the bellowes of your flowry breath,
Shall fold me in your armes, do not conceave
Twas ſcorn, or want of love that made me leave
My Anſwer untill now, *Amiſſa* no,
And 'mongſt your other vertues pleaſe to know,
Twas that exceſſive humble love I had,
That would not linke your honour to ſo bad,

As your *Eramio.*

This faire *Amiſſa* ſaw, what ſweet content
To her it brought, let thoſe whoſe time is ſpent
On *Cupids* Study know, the ſame I leave
To them alone, let them alone conceave.
It was not long (though lovers think it long)
E're young *Eramio* went, (new love is ſtrong)

To

To see *Amissa*, where ('tis open said)
There was a private contract 'twixt them made;
This being nois'd, (as Fame will quickly spred)
Amongst his friends, how fondly he was led
By loves Alarms, with letters they did strive
Dianas holy fiers to revive
Within his brest, and that to love alone,
From *Venus* free, whereof this letter's one.

Fluentus to *Eramio*.

BE not so serious, striving to commend
The blaze of Beauty, sometimes let a friend
Partake of your well tuned notes of worth
Which solely to your self you warble forth,
In some retired shade, do not adore
A boy for God, let others harms before,
By his deceit, make you at last be wise,
It was for something *Cupid* lost his eyes.
Love is a thing deceitfull, and will charm,
The wounded heart unto a further harm,
Such are th'allurements of the boy, to stain
The vertuous mind, and make destruction plain.
What desp'rate ends to many do ensue,
And in their blood their guilty hands imbrew,
To thee 'tis known, let them a warning move,
If thou desir'st continuance of our love.

Fluentus.

Even this *Eramio* read, and being mov'd,
In that his friends despise him cause he lov'd,
In loves excuse whose arrowes he did kiss,
He sate a while, and then returned this,

Eramio

Eramio to Fluentus.

RApt with Ambrosian favours of her love
I well may serious strive, when *Tempe* grove
Delights so much to whisper forth the prayse,
Of my sweet love, with *Heliconian* lays.
How can my Muse be dumb? or cease to sing
Of faire *Amissa*? when each silver spring
And cooling arbor to report her fame,
Dictates my Muse in ecchoing back her name;
If she but daigns to beautifie the aire
With her sweet breath, her golden knotted haire
Receives a thousand complements of love,
From wanton *Zephirus*, enough to move
Conceiv'd delights; so joys he when he finds
How much her *Nectar*-breath perfumes the winds.
If she but covers in *Pathmos* bours,
To hide her from those sweet distilling showrs
That come to kiss her from their cloudy throne
Of vapour'd mists, those Pearls finding her gone
Lament and die, when they have lost the sweet
They mist; yet some will stay to kiss her feet.
Why will you then dissuade me from that chase
I have begun, when ev'ry private place
Records her praise? nor think I am so stupid
In stead of higher powers to honour Cupid;
In all things ther's a mean, I will be warnd
By others harms, for since I have been scorn'd
By some, the next shall teach me to be wise,
And shame mishap; poor *Cupid* lost his eyes,
By gazing so much on the love I honour,
That all the eyes he had he spent upon her.

Glad

Glad is *Amiſſa* when my Muſe repeats
Her friendly looks, and then again her threats,
Gainſt thoſe that bid me ceaſe to tell her bliſſes,
Sweeter than life, and half ſo ſweet as kiſſes.
If therefore ſerious friendſhip may adviſe you,
On ſtill, for if you ceaſe, your love denyes you;
And if another chance to ſee her face,
Take heed, twill draw him on to win the race.
Eramio.

Which when *Fluentus* read, and fully found
The depth of his affection, and his wound,
This he return'd,

Fluentus to *Eramio.*

REceive with this my thanks, and proſp'rous fate
To your proceedings, love inſtead of hate,
Kindneſs for coyneſs, *Venus* ſweet embrace,
And *Iuno's* kiſs, with all the pomp and grace
That *Hymen* can afford, then joyfull I,
Will come and ſing your *Epithalamy.*
Thus far my wiſhes, but if counſell may
Be took as kindly, boldly then I ſay,
Truſt not the winds, they are as falſe as fleet;
As fleet as am'rous, kiſſing all they meet,
Without exception: Be not credulous,
What Groves doe whiſper is ſuſpicious;
Ask but *Narciſſus*, and he will declare,
Eccho's a wanton, onely empty air,
That doth but mock, the miſts you ſay that meet
To court your love, do but bemire her feet,

And not adorn them, *Temp*, and the groves
Are now forsook of shady leaves, and loves;
Flora for shame resideth in the earth,
Vntill the Spring doe give her a new birth.
In speculation of your Mistris eyes,
If *Cupid* lost his sight in any wise,
Beware of yours, for so it well befits,
Least with your eyes you also lose your wits.
Cupid they say's a God, and dares commence
A sute with *Jove*, *Apollo* had no fence
Against his weapon; Thus conclude I then,
If Gods do fail, there are no hopes in men.
Reflect on this, you say you have bin scorn'd
By some, therefore take heed you be not horn'd
By others, for this Proverb is both known
And true, an evill seldome comes alone.
Run not too fast, although you see her face,
(Love will beguile. *love* did a cloud imbrace,)
Least when with pain you traverst have the ground,
You win a prize is better lost than found.

Fluentus.

Eramio stood amaz'd, so quick a change
Should hurl about occasions to so strange
An intercepted plot: O Heav'ns said he,
Can this deluſion spring from Amity?
From enmity it comes, *Fluentus* knows
A true affected heart admits no shows
Of wav'ring thoughts, to cloak a reall sign
Of occult things, of harmonies divine:
The world I know, ev'n as the dwellers use it,
Is pregnant full of sinners that abuse it.
But let them live, while I in faith involv'd,
Fluentus, doe by this make thee resolv'd.

Erami

Eramio to *Fluentus.*

REports of Gratulations to retain
Me for your vowed servant are but vain,
For prosperous gales may drive me more your debtor
Through *Neptunes* fomie floods, to love you better
For this pretext, *Epithalamium* like,
The mirror of which influence doth strike,
That Epithesis to my humid sense,
That young *Leander* like, I banish hence
Foolish dispaire, when such an easy price,
Favour'd by love, may win a merchandise,
Richer than *Cholchos* pride, such power and force,
Have your Platonick lines, to make a course,
That once seem'd tedious, when it was begun,
Pleasant and short to those that needs must run.
Thus far my thanks, your counsell being had
Kindly, and seriously, of one as glad
As may be, when he finds a friend will say,
And botch his lines, to make an hower a day;
Trust me the winds are not so false as fleet,
Nor amorous, nor kiss they all they meet
Without exception, those be foolish winds,
Which *Borgs* like blusters on all it finds.
There is indeed a breath that takes delight
With his obdurate bustles to affright
Chaldei met, come from *Lavinium* dales
In love's disgrace, but these are not the gales
My Muse reports of, tis a pleasing aire,
Which only sits, and nestles in the haire
Of my dear love, which like a feth'red rain,
Circuits the Globe and thither comes again,

Witnes the heads of those *Aeolin* streams,
Whose bubling currents murmur forth the dreams
Of Nymphs, and Satyres, which acount the groves,
The ardent Salopia for their loves.
Ardent *Narcissus* miss the love he sought,
Yet, foolish boy, what ere he wisht he caught,
He lov'd himself, and when himself he misses,
The eccho's mock him for his foolish wishes,
(Amidst such *Hero* and such *Lisbian* choices)
Thrusting him farther with their wanton voices,
To deeper griefs, mounted on th'highest tops
Dispair could grant; those clear and silver drops,
Which only lingred time to kiss the sweet,
The innocent, the pure, and heavenly feet
Of my faire love, amaz'd him to behold,
For what they touch't they straitway turn'd to gold;
For shame Queen *Flora* daigns not to appeare,
Abash't to see a fairer *Flora* here;
Nor *Cynthia* did more chastity embrace
Than she, nor *Venus* more lovely face,
Whose radient eyes that kindle *Cupids* fire,
Are *Cos amoris*, whetstones of desire.
Then strive not this intire knot to undoe,
For I can love thee and *Amissa* too.

Eramio.

This by the one wrot, by the other read,
Stopt Letters mouthes, and sudden Parly bred,
In which dispute *Eramio* did haste
To publish proofs, but in his proofs was cast.
O dear *Fluentus*, said *Eramio*,
In whom my soul revives, by this I know
Thou art upright; so will I be upright,
No more the wicked boy shall taint my sight

With

With his deluding parables, I hate
His idle lawes, and at as high a rate
Esteem *Diana's* worship, as before
I ever did, and her alone adore;
And will you then neglect that lovely chase,
(*Fluentus* said) you so much did imbrace?
I will said he, and if *Eramio* live,
No more I will my youth and honour give
To foolish love; *Idalia's* son I bid
Thy laws adue; and so indeed he did.
Which when his love, the faire *Amissa* knew,
How all her wished joys abortive grew,
She watch't a time, even as *Eramio* came
From sweet *Casperus*, *Dian's* sacred flame,
And there by force, love conquering did move her,
By force to make *Eramio* her lover.
Eramio starts, mistrusting even as reason
Her self would do some new intended treason:
What cause said he hath urg'd you to this plot,
Against my life, (ye men) I know ye not?
About to strike, the faire *Amissa* cryes,
O hold thy blow, for if thou strik'st she dies
Whose death thou seek'st. And came the cause from (thee
Eramio said? let this thy glory be
Thou worst of Women, that thou hast receiv'd
Thy death from him, whose hand hath thee bereav'd
Of a polluted soul, when thou shalt come,
'Fore *Rhadamanth* ellere to receive thy doom
For this last act, lament thy self, and houl,
In that thou hast been tainted with so foul
An ignominious stain; could thy base heart
Permit fruition to this dev'lish art
Of base conspiracy? O hel-bred evill!
Hatch't by infernall potions of that Devill

Father to thee, and thine; had I suppos'd,
So faire a frame as thine could have inclo'd
Such hatefull gueſs within, or had I thought
Thy often flatt'ring meſſages had wrought
By that black art, from which this harm proceeds,
Or ſuch faire beauty could have mask'd ſuch deeds,
Long ſince thy ſoule to that black Cave had fled
Of envious night, and I ſnatch'd from thy head
Thoſe glorious Anadems thou us'd to wear,
Chaplets of curious flowers I did prepare
For thy bewitching browes, O how I hate
My wicked ſtar, my too too envious fate;
I hate the time that did induce deſire
Of love, I hate the fewel caus'd the fire,
I hate my eyes too credulous and kind,
To thy falſe heart, that ſtrikes thy beauty blind.
And which more honour from thy breſt diſcovers,
To give example to young fooliſh lovers;
I vow by heaven, and all the powers there be
Therein, I hate my ſelf for loving thee.
His words half ſpoke *Cyandus* daughter cryes,
Is this the meed of zealous love? and dyes.
For young *Erania* in this plot deceav'd,
Vp from the ground the maſſie ſtone had heav'd,
Borne by the fury of a Tyrannous ſpite,
And as his preſent anger did invite,
Hurl'd it amongſt them, heard you not the ſounds,
Of ſtrugling vitalls powring from their wounds
Conſumed oyle? *Amiſa's* feeble heart
Paying untimely death for his wiſh'd dart
Its pureſt ſtreams, but lo a ſudden change,
Wrought by inſpired miracles doth range
There deep amaſed cares; amidſt the throngs
Of their ſhrill cryes were heard *Eliſian* ſongs,

Like

Like thoſe when *Ioue* his *Ganimed* had ſtole,
Granting a pleaſant convoy to her ſoul.
Her ſoul and body gon thoſe Heav'ns to grace,
As too too worthy for this ſordid place;
Her heart to manifeſt the cleer complection
Of her upright, of her unſtain'd affection,
Was metamorphos'd to a Diamont,
Which ſo th'afflicted lover did affront
With viſions, dreams, and ſuch like ſigns, to move
A good conceit of her unſpotted love.
Hold, hold, ſaid he, let my revenge alone,
The Gods have wayes enowe, if once but ſhown,
The time will come, when *Venus* will inſpire
Into each ſcornfull breſt tormenting fire,
By nought to be extinguiſht, for I know,
If Poets can divine, it muſt be ſo;
It muſt be ſo, and thoſe who now deride
Her holy laws, and have too much reli'd
Vpon the fooliſh worſhips of the Queen
Of Chaſtity, whoſe power is ſtill unſeen,
Ev'n as I am, ſo will I alwayes pray,
Shall be perplext a thouſand times a day;
This hand, (curſt be this hand, and every hand
That reſcu'd me, and helpt me to withſtand
That glorious yoke my neck ſhould daily move
Vnder *Amiſſa's* too reſpective love.)
This hand no more ſhall ſprinkle the perfume
Of Frankinſence, in *Dian's* hallowed room,
But if it ever an oblation make,
To any Altar, or doe e're partake
In any ſolemn ſacrificers vow,

More zeal and honor ſhall appear in mine,
Amiſſa, it ſhall be upon thy ſhrine.

These words were stopt, by *Menethantes* Father,
Who to revenge his Sisters death, but rather
To quit his stock of an abusive crime
Was laid upon the Worthies of the time,
Suppos'd, though false by him, (whereof you have
In this portraite a Copy, which I leave
To your chast eyes, in hope you will permit
A charitable censure over it,
For sweet *Eramio's* sake) old *Pæus* son,
Striving to perfect what he had begun,
(To which his bloody heart had bin inur'd)
With his invenom'd dart a death procur'd
To young *Eramio*, who sighing said,
See, see, unhappy fate hath me betraid.
But while speaks, he to *Amissa* goes,
Invokes the powers to pardon him, and throws
His body on the blood-besprinkled ground,
Where, when distilling tears had washt her wounds,
Ay me, said he, that this doth us betide,
So kist into her lips his soul, and dy'd.

So much the *Cretan* lad, with weeping voice
Had told, and was about to tell the rest;
But left said he (Ladies) the heavy noise
Of her mishap, should your chast ears molest,
A while give respite to my tongue, that I
May gather strength to end her Tragedy.

Finis Libri Primi.

So far my Childish Muse the wanton plaid,
To crop those sweets the flowry Meadows bore,
Pleasing her self in valleys as she straid,
Unable yet those lofty hills to soar;
But now her wings by stronger winds aspire,
In deeper songs to tune her warbling lyre.

For what before her infant brain declar'd,
Was but a key to tune her quav'ring strings,
Allwaies to have her Instruments prepar'd
To sing more sweet, when she of Sepha *sings,*
Who from above, even for her virtues sake,
Will shrill my sound, and better Musick make.

Now let me tell how EPIMENIDES,
With weeping voice, and penetrating eyes,
Reviv'd the Ladies, who themselvs did please
By purling streams to wail his miseries,
Who, while the Meads with his complainings rang,
Wiping his eyes, these sad Encomions sang.

THE HISTORIE OF ARCADIUS and SEPHA.

Liber Secundus.

I Told you (Ladies) if your tender hearts
Admit attention, while my tongue imparts
Such heavie newes, how young *Eramio* came
With yearly incenſe, to the hallow'd fame
Of the *Alphean* worſhip, and how fate
Abridg'd his life with nights eternall date.
I told you alſo (leaving her aſleep)
How *Sepha's* eyes ore-charg'd with tears did weep,
And as ſhe ſwounded how her curious hands
Did give the earth a print, which print ſtill ſtands,
To keep her fame alive, but what it was,
Through too much grief my tougue did overpaſs,
As fit'ſt, it ſeems, to be inſerted here,
That as my heavy ſtory doth draw neer
Towards her end, ſo her immortall praiſe,
Rap't in her ſweet Encomions may raiſe

Conjugall

Conjugall tears from each diſtilling eye,
Whoſe praiſe and fame ſhall them accompany
With her harmonious voice, I mean the love
Her ſoul will powr upon them from above.
And that her eyes may make all ſighs the fairer,
Her ſoul will ſmile to ſee the love they bare her.
The ſpices which *Eramio* had ſtrew'd
About the altar, her wet eyes bedew'd
With ſorrowing tears, which daily they did caſt
Vpon the ſame, and made thereof a paſte;
Like thoſe congealed clouds which ſome have given
A glorious title, call'd the walls of Heaven.
So *Sepha* falling, fell upon the ſame,
From whoſe fair hand that fair impreſſion came,
By ſome ſwift *Savo* call'd, for many ſay
From thence *Campanian* (*a*) *Savo* took her way,
And there it is where each *Campanian* maid,
For yearly offerings her vow hath paid
With the *Medean* draughts, t' revive the fame
Of *Sepha* dead; *Savo* from *Sepha* came:
But that's not all, the print whereof I ſpake,
Though ſome affirm 'tis, yet 'tis not a Lake.
For if the ſpices which *Eramio* caſt,
Dry'd up her tears, and thereof made a paſte,
How can a Lake enſue? but this is ſure,
There was a corner of the altar pure
From any blot, on this *Eramio* laid
His Aromatick ſpices as he praid.
This being turn'd into a paſt by thoſe
Diſtilling eyes (which dying ſeldome cloſe,)

The palm of her fair hand did gently preſs

(*a*) A River in *Campania*.

The

The yeelding paſte, and as ſhe up it reard,
Like a triangled heart the print appeard.
The fingers ſtanding juſt upon the heart,
Preſented *Cupids* ſhafts, which he doth dart
On ſimple ſouls, from whence enſues the bloud,
The blood being gon, came that *amyanian* flood;
Thus palm and fingers having ſhown the love
By *Cupids* net intangled, ſtrait did move
T'another form no figure there was ſeen,
While yet they gaze upon't, the place grows green;
At this they ſtare, at this a flower up-ſtarts,
Which ſtill preſents the form of wounded hearts.
This being ſeen by Nymphs that haunt the Springs,
Each took a ſlip, it to their Manſion brings,
Where being ſet, it's now in every grove,
A pretty flower, and call'd the *Lady-glove*.
Now let me tell of *Sepha*, and her hap
That did enſue, while ſhe in Fortunes lap
Lies lull'd aſleep, (ſleep had her ſenſe bereav'd)
(And chiefly for the love ſhe had conceiv'd
Of her *Arcadius*) bethinking hard,
Either he is of charity debarr'd,
Or linkt t'anothers virtue, and ſurmiſing
Hee's not to be imbrac'd: waking and riſing,
She found her ſelf by him to be imbrac't,
Who, being preſent at her fall, did haſte
To hale her breath again; thoſe eyes that wrought
Confuſion firſt, now more confuſion brought;
Having *Arcadius* kiſt, ſhe thinks ſome dream
Deludes her wandering ſenſe, in which extream
Rapt with conceit of this her preſent good,
Her greedy eyes with ardent wiſhes woo'd,
That Heaven, in which her preſent hopes remain'd
A worlds continuance, and ſhe had obtain'd

What

What she desir'd, had not the winged boy
Vnbent his bow, with period of their joy.
Yet something to her hopes he did admit,
To whet the heavy sacrificers wit;
While young *Arcadius* with trembling hand,
Felt how the pulse, as if at Deaths command,
Sounded a loud Alarm; fair Heav'n said he,
In whom all grace and vertues planted be,
Why will you suffer that (a) infernall hound? (a) grief.
To dare to come, to give this heart this wound?
Vse that celestiall power, the powerfull Gods
Have giv'n, that grief and you may live at odds.
I know those eyes, one wink from those fair eyes
Have power to banish hence all miseries
Are incident to man so rare a gift
Did nature find, when onely but this shift
T' amaze spectators she for you had left,
For know when Nature fram'd you she bereft
The world of all perfections, to make
You of divine, and Heav'nly good partake,
As well as humane, that there might agree
In you, of every grace a sympathy.
So said, the blushing damsell with delight
Of this new friend, did with her eyes requite
His too soon ended speech, O Heav'ns she said,
That have respect to me unworthy maid,
And daigne this good to me so oft desir'd,
Direct me so, that e're I have expir'd
This perfect bliss, and am depriv'd the same,
I may enjoy the knowledg of his name.
Grant this (ye Gods) to me, impatient, till
I know his naame, his Countrey, and his will.
Then did she pull her scarf from off her face,
And putting by her hair with that sweet grace,

That

That *Venus* us'd, when to *Adonis* eyes
She did expoſe her love, *Sepha* did riſe
With ſuch ſweet looks as cannot be expreſt,
And ſaid, theſe favors Sir, and ſigh'd the reſt.
Well, thought *Arcadius*, ſomething there remains,
And tis ſome weighty cauſe that it detains,
(Grant Heav'n) that as I hope, ſo it may prove,
By her unpolliſht ſentence to be love.
For he in dreams and viſions oft had ſeen
A Lady, who for him alone had been
Tortur'd a thouſand wayes, with blubbred cheeks,
She oft had ſaid, receive her love, who ſeeks
No other life, than for thy owne deſerts
T' enjoy thy preſence, and admire thy parts.
She being now recover'd ſate her down
To view *Arcadius*, whom the Prieſt did crown
With wreaths of Lawrell, which he alwayes wore
For the upright affection that he bore.
Then to the Altar went he, where he praid,
While *Sepha* overcome with paſſion, ſaid,
So loud that he might hear, were I the Saint
To whom he prayes, ſure I would hear his plaint.
At this *Arcadius* look't upon her lips,
And bleſt them that they let that meſſage ſlip;
Then with his pure devotion onward goes,
and on the Altar throwes
A winged heart, which lately he had got
For ſacrifice, about the heart was wrote
Theſe next inſuing lines.

The purest price of Mans delight,
In whom his life, and Love consists,
Whose sorrows keeps from gloomy night,
Which nought can peirce, but Amaryllis.
Is here presented on thy Throne;
Bedew'd with tears of faithfull vowes,
Beseeming thee what is thy own,
The best to please thy virgin browes,
To fan thy face with her cool wings,
And fly the faster as she sings.

Which I by chance,
The better his sad story to advance,
Have Copi'd forth; about the wings there was
Some other Lines, which I will not let pass,
That (Gentle Ladies) ye may not have cause,
Of his devotion to detract th'applause.

Fly swift my thoughts, and through this sacred fire,
That by those sweet distilling drops above,
So may I live, and scape the Dart,
And flourish like those Flowers it fills
First let *Voluptas* weep,
Castalion liquor's free,
E're I forsake
Or yet deny

Mount up to her, let her to me retire,
She may infuse to me religious love,
While her sweet breath salvs up my heart,
With Nectar sweet, which one frown kils,
And *Gloria* fall asleep,
Medea bitter bee,
Thy praise to make,
Thy pietie.

Fly

These

These and the like *Arcadius* presents,
Mingled with deep, and choice perfuming sents
Of many bitter sighs, he turnd him round,
Salutes the Priest, the Altar, and the ground
Whereon it stood, then to faire *Sepha* turns,
Who while her heart with strange affection burns,
Meets him with nimble eyes, he gently bends
A Trembling Cringe to *Sepha*, who attends
With her impatient eares that happy houre,
When the wish't Sun shall show that gracious flower
She loves unknowne, till a sigh doth bewray,
As if the prologue for a following play,
These next ensuing words, and such they were,
They did requite the time she stayd to hear.
Harpocrates may clame a vow I made, The Go
(Faire Lady) under his beloved shade; of Silenc
When my insipient years too too blame,
With rash attempts to Lauralize the fame
Of *Cupids* power, invested that disgrace,
Which still should be a shadow to my face.
Then, cause one way did lead to both their Towers,
He took hir Magick hand, and with whole showers
Of tears first washt them, then with a faint kiss,
Dri'd them, and walking homeward told her this.

The story of PHAON *and* SAPPHO.

In *Lesbos* famous for the comick layes,
That us'd to spring from her o'reflowing praise,
Twice famous *Sappho* dwelt the faireſt maid
Mitelin had, of whom it once was said
Amongst the Gods, a sudden question was,
If *Sappho*, or *Thalia* did surpass
In Lyribliring tunes, it long remaind,
Till *Mnemosyne* the Mother was constrain'd,

T

To say they both from her begetting sprang,
And each of th'others warbling *Lyra* sang.
There was a Town in *Lesbos*, now defac'd,
Antissa nam'd, by *Neptunes* arms imbrac'd;
There *Sappho* had a Tower, in it a grove
Bedeck'd with pearls, and strew'd about with love;
Leucothean branches overspred the same,
And from the shadowes perfect odors came.
To dress it most there was a purple bed,
All wrought in works, with azure mantles spred,
The tables did unspotted carpets hold
Of *Syrian* dyes, the edges fring'd with gold.
Along this grove there stealing ran a Spring,
Where *Sappho* tun'd her Muse, for she could sing
In golden verse, and teach the best a vain
Beyond the musick of their sweetest straine.
Here while she sang, a ruddy youth appear'd,
Drawn by the sweetness of the voice he heard,
Sing on said he (fair Lady) let not me,
Too bold, give period to your melody.
Nor blame me for my over bold attempt,
(Although I yeeld of modesty exempt
In doing this) and yet not over bold,
For who so hears the voice, and doth behold
The lips from whence it comes, would be as sad
As I, and trust me Lady if I had
But skill to tempt you with so sweet a touch,
Assure you, you your selfe would doe as much.
She answers not, for why the little God
Had touch'd her heart before, and made a rod
For one contempt was past, she view'd him hard,
Whose serious looks made *Phaon* half affeard
She was displeas'd, about to goe she cryes,
Stay gentle Knight, and take with thee the prize,

To thee alone assur'd; the boy look'd pale,
But strait a ruddy blush did make a veil
T'obscure the same; while thus he panting stood,
A thousand times he wisht him in the Wood
From whence he came, and speaking not a word,
Let fall his hat, his javelin and his sword.
She being young, and glad of an occasion,
Stoopt down to take them up; he with perswasion
Of an half shewing love, detains her hand
From it, and with his fingers made the band
To chain them fast, (now Love had laid his scean)
And draw'd the tragick plot, whereon must lean
The ground of all his Acts; (great Deity)
When thy foresee ing nove-sight can descry
Things which will hap, why dost thou train their love
With pleasant musick to deceitfull groves?
See how the love of some with equall weight,
By vertue poiz'd, live free from all deceit,
To whom thou help'st with thy beloved darts,
And link'st their true inviolable hearts,
Why deal'st not so withall? are some too hard?
Or hath inchanted spells their hearts debarr'd
From thy keen shafts? you Powers should be upright
Not harmfull Gods. yet thou still tak'st delight
In bloody ends, why did'st not wink at these?
And send thy shafts a thousand other wayes
That more deserv'd thy anger? or if needs
Thou would'st be doing, while thy power proceeds
In lofty flames one flame requires another.
Why did'st thou wound the one, and not the other
For (Lady) so it past between the lovers,
That after little pause *Sappho* discovers
Those kindled flames which never can expire,
But his contempt adds fuell to her fire.

Immode

Immodeſt Girl he ſaid, why art ſo rude
To woo? when vertuous women ſhould be woo'd,
And ſcarce obtain'd by wooing, O forbeare,
Sweet *Sappho* cry'd, if I do not prepare
A juſt excuſe by none to be deny'd,
Never let me ——— ſo ſate her down and cry'd.
He mov'd for pity more to ſee her tears,
Than toucht with any loyall love he bears,
Sate down by her, while ſhe diſpairing, laid
Her eyes on his, her hands on his, and ſaid,
Ay me, that (*a*) herbs for love no cure afford,
Whoſe too too jealous actions will accord
To nought but ſemblable deſire, that loſt,
What pain more vile than lovers that are croſt
With hopeles hopes? they ſay'ts a (*b*) God that works
The ſame, but ſure ſome Devill tis that lurks
His opportunity how to deſtroy,
And tear the Soul from her aſpiring joy.
Now to prevent occaſions that may fall,
Is ſerious love, which will all harms appall,
Neglect whereof by many is deplor'd,
Ay me! that herbs for love no cure afford!
Now for the fault wherof I am accus'd,
O blame me not, for 'tis no fault I us'd;
For if affection ſpurs a man to love,
Tis that affection needs muſt make him move
His ſute to us, and wee, when we affect,
And ſee the like from them, ſeem to neglect
Their ſcorned ſute, but ſo our frowns appear,
Mixt with a faint deſire, and carefull fear
It ſhould diſpleaſe them, that we may unite,
A careleſſe love, with an intire delight.

(a) *Hei mihi quod nullis amor eſt medicabilis herbis,*
(b) *Credo aliquis Dæmon, &c.*

Again, when men doe ſee a curious ſtone,
The onely hopes of their foundation,
How often doe they ſlight with ſcornfull eye,
Neglect, diſgrace, diſpraiſe, and ſpurn it by?
The more to move and ſtir up an exceſſe
Of diſreſpect, and make the value leſſe.
Even ſo we handle men, who ſtill endure
A thouſands deaths, to train us to their lure,
And were we ſure they could not us forſake,
Wee'd dally more, even more delight to make.
Even ſo as men are caught, even ſo are we,
When we affect thoſe that our ſervice flee;
What kind ſalutes, imbraces and conſtraints
Ought we to uſe? leſt our untun'd complaints
Vnpitied die, and we with ſorrows ſcope,
As free from pleaſure die, as free from hope.
Thou art a ſtranger *Phaon* to this place,
But I have known thy name, and know thy race,
(a) *Eumenion* ſtories do thy honor tel,
Iſtria Eumenion knew thy Parents well,
Whoſe Fathers head upheld the weighty Crown
Of *Illyris*, which none could trample down,
Though many envi'd, free from harm he laid
His bones to reſt, with whom the Crown decay'd.
Now fate to ſhew a modell of her power,
On thy *Illyricum* began to lower;
Thy (b) Houſhold Gods, acquainted with the cryes
Of thy decaying ſubjects, caſt their eyes
This way, and that, twas yours O Gods to bid
Denial to ſedition that was hid

(a) An *Italian* who wrote the private ſedition of *Illyricum*.
(b) Theſe ſprung firſt from the Sons of *Lara*, by the Painims called Houſhold Gods, of whom Ovid:
Ponitur ad Patrios barbara præda deos.

In

In *Catelinian* breſts, and to ſurceaſe
The period of your domeſtick eaſe.
In this uprore (what fruits ſeditions bring
May well be gueſt, for every one was King)
The better ſort prepar'd for thee and thine
A waſtage over the beloved *Rhyne*
To *Lesbos* this; thou hadſt not long bin here,
But private envy did thy walls uprear,
And did beguile to all poſterity
Thee of thy glory, and the Crown of thee.
Theſe things thy houſhold Gods (to *Lesbos* brought)
Foreſeeing good, have for thy own good wrought,
That thou maiſt gain a greater Crown than that
Illyrius had, and be more honor'd at
Thoſe Feſtivalls, when yearly thou partak'ſt
Of Triumphs, which to Chimney Gods thou mak'ſt.
This was a work divine, and happy too,
(If any happineſs from grief enſue)
That thou waſt here conceal'd, for many vow'd,
And thundred forth the fame thereof aloud,
Of thy enſuing death, while thou waſt ſtill
In pupill age, and knew'ſt, nor did'ſt no ill,
But 'twas the Providence of you that dwell
In lofty Heav'ns (ye Powers) and to expell
All harm from him who muſt your Lawes maintain,
That when his perfect ſtrength he doth obtain,
He may reward their deeds that envy bred,
And maugre thoſe that to rebellion led.
Here waſt thou brought, here haſt thou daily ſtaid,
And (while thy better ſubjects ſought thee) plaid
Beguiling time away; perhaps you'd know,
What mov'd the powers to permit thee ſo
Vntimely ruine, know they did anoint
Thee King of famous *Lesbos*, and appoint

This means alone to make their power approv'd
And bring thee here of me to be belovd.
To this faint speech he intermission made
With heavy sighs, and then (fair Lady) said,
The Heav'ns have rob'd me of succeeding bliss,
And hid me from those means to grant you this
I most desire, behold my love I dye,
My trouled soule methinks doth seem to flye
Through silent Caves and Fields, two pleasant gates
Ope wide to take me in, wherein there waits
A Crown of gold, neither by arm or hand
Supported, but of its free power doth stand,
Now sits upon my head, these things I see,
And yet I live, can this a vision be?
About to stir, O stir me not he cries,
My feet stick fast, *Sappho* farewell, and dyes.
While yet he speaks, my Parents wayward fate,
Must be accompanied with the date
Of my despised life, a fearfull rind
Of Citron trembling redd, doth creeping bind
His not half closed speech, his curled hair,
Which gallants of his time did use to wear
Of an indifferent length, now upward heaves,
Towards the skyes their gold refulgent leaves.
Sappho at this exclaims, laments, invokes
No Power nor God, but seeks by hasty strokes,
As a fit sacrifice unto her friend,
From her beloved brest her soul to send.
Awhile she silent stood, belike to think,
Which was the safest way for her to drink
Of the same cup her *Phaon* did, at last
(As evill thoughts will quickly to one haste)
She saw the Spring that ran along the Grove,
'Tis you fair streams must send me to my Love.

Behold

Behold, dear Love, with what impatient heat,
My ſoul aſpires to mount to that bleſt ſeat,
Where thou bleſt ſit'ſt, ſtretch out thy ſacred hand,
And with ſafe conduct draw me to that land,
That we may taſte the joyes the vallie yeelds;
And hand in hand may walk th' *Eliſian* fields.
This ſaid, ſhe turns her face unto the Tree,
And kiſſing it, ſaid, if thou ſtill can'ſt ſee,
Behold how irkſome I enjoy that breath,
Which ſtill detains my meeting thee in death:
With that ſhe ſaw his ſword, which ſhe did take,
And having kiſ'd it for the owners ſake,
Salutes her breſt with many weeping wounds,
Then caſts her ſelf into the Spring, and drown'ds.

There is a Hill in *Paphlagonia*, nam'd
Cytorus, whither this miſchance was fam'd;
My ſelf was preſent there when many rude,
And baſe untutur'd peaſants did intrude
Into our (*a*) games, they were, as ſince I heard
Thoſe baſe inſulting Traitors, that debarr'd
Wendenlands Crown from righteous *Phaon's* browe,
Theſe (cauſe the Gods had quit them of the vowes
They made to work his death) with open cries,
Proclam'd their thanks, and ſent them to the skies.
But *Venus*, who in conſtant love delights,
And ev'ry perfect amity requites,
Exil'd their joy, each one perceives their arms
To branches grow, each one partakes the harms
Of their deſerts, (*b*) a tree there is which bears
His ſummer hue, and it in winter wears,
To this ſhe turns them, that continuall green
Might manifeſt their never pard'ned ſinne.

(*b*) The *Box tree.*

(*a*) Playes called *Actia*, uſed every fifth year in honour of *Apollo*.

This done I ſaw a Knight of courage bold,
Cloth'd all in argent armor, ſtrip'd with gold,
Who vow'd, the death of one of us ſhould pay
For her miſnap, to crown the heavy day
With Anadems from his victorious hand,
I too too over forward, did demand
What was the cauſe; diſcourteous Knight he ſaid,
Doſt not repent thee that thou haſt betraid
That honor'd Lady? while I ignorant
Of what he meant, he ſaid tis not the want
Of Launce, ſhall keep thee ſafe, till I have ſhown
Thy juſt revenge; ſo threw away his own.
But with his ſword he taught me what to doe,
And I my ſelf had ſword and armor too
Ready to anſwer him; the fight was long,
And had been longer too, till I too ſtrong,
With an unlucky blow, ô wer't ungiven,
Betraid his life, and ſent his ſoul to Heaven:
Twas *Aphitheon*, who of long had lov'd
Sappho, now dead, whoſe ſute I oft had mov'd
In his behalf, now hearing of her fate,
Either increaſt in him ſuſpitious hate
T'wards me, or furious elſe did frantick ſtrike,
Amaz'd, unkind to every one alike;
Dying he knew me, and bewaild his loſſe,
My friend *Arcadius* ſaid he, the croſſe
Of this my preſent ſtate, ought not to be
A blot to ſtain our former amitie.
I die, let my remembrance have a place
In thy juſt heart, it ſhall be no diſgrace.
Though envy ſtole my ſenſe, ô 'tis no blot,
No fault at all was mine; I knew thee not
When here I met thee firſt; My deareſt friend,
I die, love the remembrance of my end.

So

So said, he went away, while I distraught
For grief of this inhumane wicked fault,
Vow'd never more to move a Ladies heart
Nor for my self, nor for anothers part:
Arcadius ceast, and *Sepha's* turn was now.
Who said (belov'd and worthy Knight) that vow
You eas'ly may infringe, and yet be blest.
A rash conceit was never held the best.
You say it may be, and it shall be so.
Arcadius said, chiefly for that I know
When virtue, beauty, and intire delight,
Our nere dissolv'd affection doe unite
The fault appears the less. the glorious eyes
Of the All-seeing power do despise
Continuall grief, (*a*) and *love* himself erst while
Carousing bouls of wine is seen to smile.
Fair Lady know, as yet to me unknown,
Your beauty and your virtues have oreflown
My willing yeelding sense, a secret fire,
Continually increasing through desire
To honor your admired parts, doth move,
By nought to be extinguisht but your love.
(*b*) Love is a thing full of suspitious care,
By every churlish winde blown to dispair.
Silent *Canius* dy'd for love, not known
To her, who did his pure affection own.
I therefore ope my heart before your eyes,
Not doubting but you'r kinde as well as wise;
Not doubting but you'r wise as well as kinde.
Fair *Sepha* said, your worth I know may find
Far better Ladies, that may more content
Your love than I, and then you will repent

(a) *Semel in anno videt Apollo.*
(b) *Res est solliciti plena timoris amor.*

You

You of your deed, which ſtill will you moleſt,
A raſh conceit was never held the beſt.
Though all the beauties in the world were one,
Said he, and I by right might ſeize upon
The ſame, yet would I for thy vertues ſake,
Aſpire no better fortune, than to make
Thee my beloved wife, * where ere thou art,
What ere thou doſt, the Graces grace impart
To thy ſweet ſelf; this hair, this lovely hair,
If looſe, as thou doſt often uſe to wear,
Oſtends thy freer beauty, or if knit,
It ſhews rare wiſdome is inclos'd in it.
In fine they are the chains that link deſire
In ev'ry breſt, and kindle *Cupids* fire,
For which ſoever way thou doſt them wear,
They fetch thee honour, and thy honour bear.
To me ſhe ſaid you pleaſe to ſpeak the beſt,
O thought you of me ſo I ſhould be bleſt,
Not that my fond conceit deſires to bee
Linkt with each pleaſing object that I ſee,
But of a long retain'd affection, I
Deſire the bonds of perfect amity;
And ſince you pleaſe to honor me ſo well
With common friendſhip, that in all ſhould dwell,
Tell me the name of that thrice bleſſed place
Injoyes your preſence, and from what bleſt race
You draw your line; me *Arathea* claims
Said he, my much unhappy Parents names,

* Tibullus Lib. 4

Illam quicquid agit, quoquo veſtigia vertit,
Compoſuit furtim, ſubſequiturque decor,
Seu ſolvit crines fuſis decet eſſe capillis,
Seu compſit, compti eſt reverenda comis.

Were

Were *Capaneus*, and *Evadne*, they
Of good report and noble progeny.
My Father, led by juſt revenge, was chief
Of thoſe that wrought diſtreſſed *Thebes* grief,
Who having wed my Mother then but young
And of a pleaſant face, whoſe Parents ſprung
From *Iuno's* breſts, unto thoſe wars was call'd;
Where after many skirmiſhes befall'd
To him this ſad miſhap, when various fights
Had clos'd up many with eternall nights,
He furious, and impatient of delay,
Reſolv'd a quick diſpatch, and with that day
To end the wars, a Ladder he deviſes,
Of cords compos'd, by which he enterprizes
Apparent means to ſcale the walls, but lo,
About to clime, ſome wicked hand doth throw
A ſtone upon him; yet i'l clime he ſaid;
But while his ſoldiers came unto his aid,
For all their hopes upon his worth reli'd,
He gave directions for the wars and dy'd.
My Mother too too heavy for his harm,
Did help his wounded body to unarm,
When all his friends to honor him the more,
Were preſent, and his ruine did deplore.
(*a*) But while the fire conſumes with greedy flame
His fleſh, my Mother runs into the ſame;
To ſhew when virtue ſhrines an upr'ght heart,
Death never can united honor part.
In this *Campania* where my Caſtle ſtands,
I was inſtructed by the carefull hands

(*a*) An ancient uſe to burn the bodies of the dead, and put the Aſhes into Veſſels which they called Urnes; whereof
Ovid Met: Lib. 4.
Quodque rogis ſupereſt, una requieſcit in urna.

Of *Callias*, till understanding bad
Revenge be done for wrongs my Parents had.
I mov'd the wars afresh, what means I made,
With all-perswading reasons to perswade
The soldiers aid, is this

O You, said I, belov'd for upright wayes,
And fear'd of all for valour that obeys
Your conqu'ring arms! I purpose not to add
Words to your virtues, nor my speech to cladd
With flattring robes, my just revenge shall cause
A triumph for that never scorn'd applause
Of your victorious fame, which daily mov'd
Towards your names, O you so well belov'd!
Your noble friend my Father, to whose shrine
You pay your yearly tears, is now divine,
He sorry for that harm which would betide
Your never conquered arms in that he dy'd,
Dy'd loth to leave you, now there is a time,
To heap revenge against them for that crime
Those Coward traytors acted, when they slew
Your noble friend my Father; let us view
The cause that moves us to display our war,
O is't not meritorious, and far
Beyond the price of their despised blood?
Your wisdome knowes your losse, our cause is good;
Too good alas for them, I know your love
Still, still, remains alive, which makes me move
Those valiant hearts which alwayes you injoy'd,
To seek revenge 'gainst those that have destroyd
Your noble friend my Father: This, o this
Makes me require your help, nor greater bliss
Can to your dying tombes more honour gather,
Than to revenge your noble friend my Father.

O you ſo well belov'd, I need not ſhow
The ſlothfull *Thebans* fearfulneſs, you know
The manner, and the matter of their war,
How through diſorder, and diſcord they jar
Amongſt themſelves, your ſwords their Towers ſhake
At the remembrance of your names they quake.
When in the skirmage you your valour ſend,
To court their necks, and ſhew their lives their end,
Bethink you for whoſe ſake you fight, and let
His wonted valor and remembrance whet
Your all-commanding ſwords, what greater gain
Than their ſubjection can you obtain?
Honor from thence will ſpring, their wealth & glorie
By you enjoy'd, will fill your famous ſtories
With never-dying fame, and for your merit,
Your Sons ſhall everlaſting praiſe inherit.
We for revenge, renown, and amity,
Our wars diſplay, they but for liberty;
When we have girt their City with the choice
Of Martiall men, then ſhall we hear their voice
Come creeping to us, but our ears are ſtopt
From Traytors mouths, till we have overtopt
(For juſtice ſake, on which we have reli'd)
Their weighty ſins, and high aſpiring pride.
O you belov'd of all, tis not a cauſe
Of little worth, nor only for applauſe
I move you to this War, ſurvey your hearts,
There ſee his tomb, his wounds, and his deſerts
Ever to be admir'd, your noble freind
My Father, whoſe too too unhappy end
Requires their blood, deſires no greater bliſs,
Than to preſent his joyfull ſoul with this.

These and such words I us'd, with me they swore
To fetch the glory which the *Thebans* wore,
And plac't upon my Fathers tombe, to crown
Him with Heroick conquests, and renown.
With me they went, with me they overcame
The *Thebans* pride, and brought with them their fame.
Detain'd at wars, I saw you not, till late
Returning home, my ever happy fate
Blest me to hear your voice; My nimble Steed
To gratulate my labour with the deed,
So well belov'd (as if he knew my mind)
Lost me, that you fair Lady might me find.
At this she smiles, while his lov'd tale goes on;
Now since it is your chance to light upon
What was ordain'd your own, debar me not
That service from, which is my own by lot.
While I infolded in your love declare
Those sweet contents in *Venus* pleasures are.
(*a*) For who with more delight can live? What are
Those joyes that may with these delights compare?
She blusht and said, for e're she spake she blusht,
Then from her sweet, but angry lips there rusht
This angry speech, (beloved Sir) I owe
More inward zeal than yet I will bestow
On your lascivious love, and being near
Her *Talmos*, flung away, and would not hear
His quick-prepar'd excuse, who over-waid
With death-tormenting grief, look'd up and said,
Shall these contempts ore-rule thy virtuous will?
O *Sepha*, knowest thou whom thy scorns do kill?
Well she goes on, nor looks behind to see
The fruits of her disdain, his Amitie,

(*a*) Catullus. *Quis me uno vivit felicior? aut magis hac est optandum vitâ dicere quis poterit.*

But

But hasted home, by fond suspition led;
(So *Arethusa* from *Alpheus* fled)
Till to her chamber come, she unawares,
(Beginning now to be perplext with cares)
Look'd from a window, from a window spy'd
Her fair *Arcadius* dead, even then she cry'd.
Her nimble feet had not such power to bear
Her half so fast away, as now her fear
Returns her to him, ready to complain
Vpon her fate, her tender eyes doe strain
Balm to bedew his cheeks, till a sweet kiss,
(It seems beloved better than that blisse
The Heav'ns bestow'd) recall'd his sleepy eyes,
Who opening first, straight shut again and lyes
Clos'd in her arms, as if nought more could grace him,
With greater joyes, than when her arms imbrace him:
At length remembrance (usherd by a grone)
Proclaim'd his life; and am I left alone?
He said, then op't his eyes, whose fixed sight
Not yet from deaths imbracings free, did light
Vpon her face, about his voice to raise,
Soft kisses stop his speech, those past he sayes,
Yee Gods, whose too too hasty shafts have strook
Beguiling joyes into my eyes, and took
My heavy soule from that thrice blessed place
Where *Sepha* dwells, who must *Elisium* grace,
What yeelds this Heav'n? O would I still might live,
Her presence yeelds more joyes than Heav'n can give;
Invest me with all pleasures that you please
In Heav'n to have, with Canticles of ease
That follow pious soules, they nought will yield
To me but grief; while o're th' *Elisian* field,
And gloomy shades, continuall steps I take
For her safe waftage or'e the *Stygian* lake.

These

Theſe words he ſpake, taking her face for Heaven,
(In whom the Powers, all powerfull grace had given)
Where ſtill he thought he was, while *Zephæ* griev'd,
With cordiall water from her eyes, reviv'd
His not yet living ſenſe, with greedy eyes
He views her face, who with this ſpeech replyes.
To me 'tis ſtrange, that you (within whoſe breſt
Such rare undaunted ſtrength and wit doth reſt)
Through fooliſh grief ſhould yeeld your ſacred ſoul
To *Charons* boat, who ſhall your death condole
So ſlightly cauſ'd? ſhall I? beleeve me no,
I'le rather ſeek ſome noble means to ſhow
How much you ſtrive with faint tormenting mind
To raiſe that heart wherein you lie inſhrind.
Should men diſpair for once or twice refuſall,
Few men would ſpeed, for to our Sex tis uſual;
And often, words outſtep the careleſſe lip,
Which paſt, repent that e're they let them ſlip.
Now let this meſſage in thy boſome light
Arcadius, thou art the ſole delight
Of this my wretched life, for thee I live,
To live with thee, to thee my love I give.
Preſerve it then ſo worthy to be lov'd,
That of thee alwayes I may be belov'd:
Let no laſcivious thought pollute the ſame,
Which may increaſe a ſcandall to my name,
But with unſtain'd deſires let me be led
By *Hymens* rites unſpotted to thy bed.
Have you not heard young lambs with wailing cries
Lament their dams departure? who ſtill lies
Vnder the ſheerers hands? with diſcontent
Thinking them dead, their ſudden death lament?
While they to hinder the bemoning notes
Get up, and pay their ranſome with their coats.

Even

Even so *Arcadius* with attentive care,
Observ'd each word her heav'nly lips did spare,
Still fearing lest some various conclusion,
Should draw his life to sable nights confusion.
But when he heard the full, Ladies I know
You can conceive what streams of joy did flow
In his still honor'd brest, he nimbly rose,
Conjur'd the Air to keep her message close
From babling Ecchoes, to her self he vows
An amrous kiss, and she his kiss allows.
He crav'd remission for his faulty words,
Now askt, and straight remission she affords,
And binds him to the limits of unstain'd
Desire, and with her golden tresses chain'd
His heart from all deceit, with such pure grace,
As ought in ev'ry lover to have place;
To *Talmes* she (proud of her prize) him ledd,
(For know fair *Sepha's* parents both were dead)
Where entertain'd with many royall sips
He drunk full boules of Nectar from her lips.
Time hasty to produce the marriage day
Of these impatient lovers, hy'd his way;
And *Sepha* after many sweet imbraces,
Fraught with conceit, and stuft with interlaces
Of their ensuing pleasure, did permit
Arcadius departure, who unfit
For any service, but the winged God,
To *Arabia* went, and as he rode,
Oft blam'd orehasty time their joy t'undo,
But prais'd him for the sports that should ensue.
Now was it when the fraction of the day
From sable night had made *Aurora* way,
When (*a*) I, ambiguous of suceeding fate, (*a*) *Epimenides.*
Forsook my native countrey for the hate

'Gainſt me conceiv'd, me (a) *Minos* Country bred
Whoſe hundred Cities with amazement led
Each eye to view their pride; My Father old,
And I a pretty ſtripling, did uphold
The ſtaffe of his declining age, with care
I cheriſht him, and did the burthen bear
Of his domeſtick ployments, now it was,
(When all his buſineſſe through my hands did paſs)
That once he ſent me to attend the ſheep,
Where Woods ſweet chanters ſummon'd me to ſleep:
Within a Cave of *Parian* ſtone compos'd,
I laid me down, I laid me down, and clos'd
My duskiſh eyes, ſure ſome inchantments kept
The ſame with Magick ſpells, for there I ſlept
Whole ſeventeen years away; awak'd at laſt,
I got me up, and to my home did haſte,
Not knowing ſo much time away was fled,
I call'd my friends, but lo, my friends were dead.
This known I left (b) *Minois*, and ſpent
My dayes in *Rome*, not caring where I went,
Nor what I did; nor there I long remaind,
Cauſe more miſhap was to my life ordain'd:
(c) *Mugiona* ſtands pointing to a way
Call'd (d) *Appia*, through which my journey lay;
Nor many dayes were ſpent before I came
Vnto that Town which (e) *Sora* hath to name;
And there a while I ſtaid, a while I ſtrove
To kill thoſe griefs, which never ceas'd to move
A deſp'rate end, for that unwiſht miſchance
Still gnawing on my ſoul, about t'advance
My ſword towards my end, ô ſtay a while
A voice beſpake, let not thy wrath beguile

(a) *Creet.* (b) *Creet.* (c) A gate in *Rome.* (d) A high way from *Rome* to *Campania.* (e) A town in *Campania.*

Thee of ſucceding joyes; amaz'd I ſtood,
Not knowing why to ſave, or ſpill my blood.
My eyes could ſhew me nothing, but my ears
Granted a convoy for the ſob'd-forth tears
Of a diſtreſſed Lady, what miſhap
Hath Fortune more, ſaid ſhe, than to intrap
Our joyes, and cut them off? the voice did guide
Me to a little grove, wherein I ſpi'd
A wretched Lady with torn hair diſcover,
(O're the dead corps of her beloved lover)
Th'irreparable loſs, and hatefull breath,
She did ſuſtain through his untimely death.
Agaſt ſhe trembled, and with liquid eyes,
Sent with her lovers ſoul into the skyes,
Prayes that her end may with his end appear,
Or here to have him, or to have him there.
A while I ſtood, either with fear o'regon,
Or elſe with grief not able to go on,
Till ſhe with ſword tug'd from his wounded breſt,
Made paſſage for her ſouls eternall reſt.
I hi'd me to her, but my ſteps were loſt,
The wound was given; ſaith ſhe, ſince we are croſt
Of Terrene pleaſures, and thoſe joyes do miſs,
Our ſoules ſhall wed in Heav'ns eternall bliſs.
I ſtriv'd to ſtop her blood, but ſhe deny'd
That any favour ſhould to her betide,
Since ſhe was croſſ'd in all deſignes, and ſaid,
If the entreaties of a dying maid,
Sir Knight may move you, graat this laſt requeſt,
With your own ſword give period to the reſt
Of him who did my *Delithaſon* ſlay,
O're yon ambitious hill he took his way.
I vow'd their deaths revenge, withall deſir'd,
Since ſhe would die, before her life expir'd

Its glorious date, t'acquaint my pitying ears
With her ſad ſtory, while whole ſhours of tears
Imbalm the body dead; alas ſaid ſhe,
You cauſe me to renew the grief muſt be
My paſport to his foul, then faintly rais'd
Her weary head: For ever be ye prais'd
(Ye Powrs) that grant me liberty t'unfold
Our Tragick ends, and then this ſtory told.

The Story of Delithaſon *and* Veriſta.

Not far remote there are four little lands,
Rul'd by that (a) God, who girts them with his hands;
(b) *Statina* call'd, in theſe my Father dwelt,
Whoſe alwayes ſcraping, but nere fill'd hand felt
A mean of Fortunes good, (whether by Fate,
Or fore-ordained to expire the date
Of my diſtreſſed life) to me t's unknown,
But wealth (with which thoſe Iſles have ever flown)
Heap'd to his hands a ſtill encreaſing croud
Of gilded pills, thoſe riches made him proud.
Amongſt the other fortunes that he had,
(O whether ſhall I term it good or bad)
The Heav'ns aſſign'd him me, *Veriſta* nam'd,
Who yet but young, a falſe report had fam'd
Rare beauty of me; this, ô this declar'd,
Draw'd many Princes that the ſame had heard,
To try the judgment of their eyes, which fame
By ſome confirm'd, this *Delithaſon* came,
(Not like a Prince, as like a Prince he might,
Becauſe he was a Prince) but like a Knight
With Sword and Lance, but firſt I'd have you know
My Father amongſt many had a foe

(a) *Neptune.* (b) *Iſlands about Campanie.*

Of

Of Gyants race, whose heart enur'd to wrong,
To rapes, and base oppressions had long
Appli'd his strength, and now to torture more
My Fathers brest that life might give him o're,
This quarrell pick'd, he came and did demand
Me for his wife, and cause we did withstand
His wish, with kindled rage from *Pluto's* Cell,
He shakes his dangling locks, and down to Hell
A journey takes, (a) *Erinnis* he implor'd,
And all the Furies which he there ador'd,
T'assist his new found plot, nor yet in vain
They adde their help, with fire they rent in twain
A Town my Father own'd, the dwellers there
Affraid of death, t'abolish quite their fear,
Plastred the walls with brains, their limbs bestrew'd
The blushing streets with streams of blood bedew'd.
To this he adds a mischief worse, and throwes
Blasphemous oaths, on which he did repose,
Vpto (b) *Saturnus* son, (c) the sacred stones,
On which the people laid oblations,
He hurls about the Temple, from the posts
The gold he tears, and in his mischief boasts.
By this my brother, guided by the cryes
Of conquer'd sounds, came staring in, and spies
The honors of Celestiall Gods defac't,
A sling he had, and from that sling did cast
The over hastie stone, and though he well
Could use his sling, yet did his art excell
In managing his sword, now heav'd aloft,
Threatning the Gyants death, said he, how oft
Shall I be vext with too too partiall eye
Of thy outrage? perish with this and dye.

(a) A Fury of Hell. (b) *Jupiter* of *Saturn* and *Q*
(c) The Altars.

His speech scarce clos'd, (a) *Marsilos* smear'd with (d) the Gyant.
A colebrand snatcht wch. by the altar stood, (blood,
And sends it to my brother, 'twas espy'd
By *Delithason* this, about to slide
Along the Air, with Lance he stopt his hand,
And sent his soul to that infernall land,
Where ghosts with hideous cries indure the right
Of their deserts, cloath'd in Eternall night.
Thus *Delithason* by the clamors call'd,
And by the Gyants death the same appall'd;
Restor'd to every man his own, the rather
To get (the seldom got) love of my Father;
Who nothing thankfull for so great a favour,
Gave thanks indeed; but with so rude behaviour,
That nought was heard but sighs and pittious moan,
How to regain the harm to him was done.
I must said said he, omit the charge I us'd
In keeping house, by which I have abus'd
My quite-consumed stock; I must omit
The courteous entertainment that is fit
For worthy guess, and so to end the strife
Of sleeping age, with a retired life;
To this the Prince, (whose ever piety
Still lent discourteous acts a noble eye)
Sayes, aged Father your declining head
Should scorn to be to base Rebellion led
Against the Lawes of Hospitality;
Decrepit age should on the good rely
Which she hath done, not on her present wealth,
The souls decay, opposer to her health.
O whither shall I turn? assist me now
Ye ever helping Powers, let not a vow
So firmly made before your holy fires,
So eas'ly be infring'd; but who aspires

To

To mount the chariot where the glorious Sun
The orb ſurveys, with pride ſhall be undon.
And ſhall I ſilent dye? Shall this exile
From hopes, the pure bond of my love defile?
Shall my deſir'd deſires with horrid ſound
Of a faint heart increaſe m'increaſing wound?
No, Love muſt fear no harm, he is not fit
T'enjoy Loves fruits, that hath not firmly knit
A reſolution to his hopes, and ty'd
Himſelf, though oft, yet ne're to be deny'd.
Father, the wings of ever warbling fame
Exempt alone, chatter'd the glorious name
Of your *Veriſſa's* beauty, 'twas my chance,
When ev'ry Eccho did the ſame advance
In lofty tunes, to hap into your ſight,
And being greedy of ſo great a ſight,
Gave period to all hopes of other beauty,
And did beſiege her heart, 'tis now her duty
My pleaſure to obey, for *Hymens* lights
Have linkt our hearts, with honour of thoſe rites
To Lovers due, be willing then to it
Since Fate hath ſtop'd all means the bond t'unknit.
But if you will not, if you will perſever
In hatred to thoſe Princes, that endeavor
To bleſs their happy lives in bleſſing her;
I ſay again, if ſtill you will prefer
Your will before all reaſon without reaſon,
As hitherto you have don, there's a Seaſon
Call'd quiv'ring winter, with his milky bride,
Will freez your honor, and abate your pride.
Imperiall I, in fair *Zephire* ſit,
Whom wealthy *Caria* bounds, and brags of it,
There flowes that paltry gold ſo much I hate,
I think the more t'impare my quiet ſtate.

Luxurious brat, and enemy to wealth,
My Father said, th'hast got the Crown by stealth,
With it *Veriſta*'s love, and do'ſt thou think
My Daughter ſhall of that ſtolne honour drink?
Firſt let my hands imbrew their wrinkled skin
In her falſe breaſt, firſt let the ſpoyle begin
Vpon my off-ſpring, can thy boaſts aſſure her?
Or the bare title of a Crown procure her
Contented wealth? Say, can ſo great a name,
As Queen of *Caria* wipe away the blame
Of diſobedience? or releaſe the oath
Of duty? or of zealous care? or both?
Which ſhe (when ſubject to my tender rodds,)
Made in the preſence of the better Gods?
Here *Delithaſon* ſtaid his ſpeech, too late,
He ſaid, you vent your nere conſumed hate.
The Gods obſerve your deeds, and though a while
They ſlack their vengance, tis but to beguile
The Offenders with falſe hopes; ſo ſaid, he turn'd
His head about, and on the Altar burn'd
Prepared Incenſe, ſtrait the Altar brake
In twain, and after a fierce Thunder-clap,
Sweet Muſick breath'd, in which a Chanter cry'd,
Thy time's expir'd, and thou art deifi'd.
Amaz'd the people ſtand, nor yet to whom,
They can conceive this prophecie ſhould come;
Not I alas, no, nor my feeble heart,
Fore-thought of this, of this untimely dart,
For ſo it hapt, (*a*) *Marſilos* had a ſon, (*a*) The Gyant.
(From a corrupted ſpring ill waters run)
Who (wicked) at his fathers death repining,
Iuſt as the Sun was to his bed declining,
Obſerv'd when I and *Dolithaſon* hy'd
T'wards his *Zephire*, (for being denide

My

My Fathers Bleſſing, privily we got
Away, when careleſs he obſerved not)
And paſſing through this wood, this Bloody wood
(A cloſet for thoſe that delight in Blood)
The Gyants ſon a twinded Iavelin caſt,
And made this wound you ſee, that don, in haſte
Knowing his dart this ſpotleſs heart had ſped,
Vnto his home, his fathers den he fled:
About to tell the reſt ſhe ſtopt, and dy'd,
When I by vertue of my promiſe ty'd,
After I had repoſ'd them in one Vrne,
Towards *Statina* did my voyage turne,
And (leſt too long I ſhould delay the joy,
Haſty *Arcadius* wiſhes to enjoy)
Stuft up with Ire, I did not long purſue
His ſteps, before at him I had a view.
Ho! villaine ſtay, I cry'd, receive the meed,
The Gods alot thee for thy wicked deed,
Stay Murtherer, thy haſte ſhall not prefer,
Injuſtice before right, ſtay Murtherer,
While yet I ſpake, my Lance his ſhoulders caught,
My Sword beguild him of his head, and taught
This leſſon to the world, th'allſeeing Eye,
Lets not apparent wrongs unpuniſh'd dye.
My vow diſſolv'd, I bent my courſe again
Towards(a) *Abella*, whoſe high walls diſdain
A rivall in their prid, there is a way
That leads thereto, by which a meadow lay,
In it I ſaw a Knight of Silver hew,
With ſword, hold a ſtout Combat againſt two
Of fiery looks, I hy'd me to the fight,
Either by force or Treaty to unite

(a) A Town in Campania.

Their

Their various minds, but what can words prevail,
Where bloody reſolutions do aſſail
A ſpotleſs minde? no time they would admit,
Through haſty fight, t'inquire the cauſe of it.
A while I view'd the Combate, till the Knight
In ſilver armor on the neck did light
Of one of th' adverſe ſide, who unacquainted
With ſuch rough complements, fell down and fainted.
So done, he ſaid, by all the Powers that dwell
In lofty thrones, thy valour doth excell
Thy neighb'ring Princes, but thy unjuſt cauſe,
Repugne againſt the ſplendor, and the lawes
Of Martiall diſcipline, content thee then
With this, thou art the happieſt of men
In that th' haſt ſcap'd revenge to traytors due,
Do other matters cauſe thee to purſue
This ſpite, beſides thy falſe ſuſpect? or can
Thy ever-ſtain'd affection (which began
And ends with luſt, not love) enchant thy ſenſe
So far with ſtupid blindneſſe to commence
Hatred for this? withdraw thy ſelf and yeeld
To me thy life, thy weapon, and the field.
So ſhall my arms with amity imbrace
Thy neck; where elſe 'twill ſhew thee thy diſgrace.
No ſooner ſaid, but we might hear the ſounde
Of trampling horſes beat the tender ground
For ſwifter ſpeed now to us ſeen, and now
Diſmount their Steeds, and to the adverſe bow,
Pardon ſaid they (great Prince) that our neglect
Infring'd the Laws of our indeer'd reſpect.
But when they ſaw his armor ſtain'd, and view'd,
His dead companion with blood imbru'd,
They re-amount the nimble Steeds they rid,
(For Marble look'd not paler than they did)

And

And to the ſilver Knight their anger bent,
Who with exceſs of bleeding almoſt ſpent,
Held up his hand to me, to me he ſaid,
(For they were three) ſee how I am betraid
With theſe unequall odds, no more you need
To move me up I ſaid, fear not, proceed
With your own hands to lacerate in twain
Their conſcious hearts, to me your prayers are vain.
I am too weak to ſhelter you from harms,
Though arm'd, yet I'm unskill'd to uſe my arms,
But what I am I'm yours, with that our ſwords
We drew, and blows ſupply'd the want of words.
While he (moſt noble and moſt valiant Knight)
Each blow he took, each blow he did requite
With treble uſe, awhile they hold us play,
Till overcome, their lives did end our fray.
This done, and all things hiſt, I thought it good
To ſtop the conduits of his flowing blood,
When mounted on our Steeds; with gentle gate
Riding toward his home, he did relate
The tragick ſtory thus; I am ſaid he
Arcadius, and yonder Towr you ſee
Is mine, this Prince whom now we ſlew,
Hearing what pure unſtain'd affection grew
'Tween me, and one nam'd *Sepha* in her heart,
He came, and did preſcribe a double part:
On this our quarrell grew, and what ſucceſs
In it he had, your valour will expreſs.
Not I, ſaid I, 'twas you your conquering hand, (ſtand
Your cauſe, your ſword, your ſtrength that did with-
Their greedy hopes, the Gods do cloſe their eyes
From impious vaſſals, and exclude their cryes.
And ſince you pleaſe t'intitle me your friend,
O let my willing ſervice you attend,

And

And what you think will magnifie your name,
Withall conceive me ready for the ſame.
'Twas Summer then, and having cur'd his wounds
Call'd out by th' noiſe of his purſuing hounds,
We gallopp'd o're the plains, now by a Wood
Our way we took, where purple ſtatues ſtood,
O bleſſe me here he cry'd, and ſoftly ſaid,
Inſhrind in theſe four pleaſant Nymphs are laid.
Then by a Tower, in this ſaid he remains
The faireſt flower, the pride of all the plains;
'Tis *Sepha's* houſe, the Goddeſs of my heart,
In whoſe fair cheeks, Love with his golden dart
Sits ſporting, daſht with a Vermilion dye,
Th'are like the bluſh came from *Endymions* eye,
When twin-born *Cynthia* to ſuffice her will,
Had courted him on ſleepy *Latmos* hill.
No ſooner ſaid, but *Sepha* ſaid 'tis true,
It lik'd of you, for *Sepha* lives by you,
And ſpying me ſhe bluſh'd, lovers doe ſo,
For conſcious minds appear by th'outward ſhew;
All ſalutations paſt, ſhe led us in,
Where firſt our root of ruine did begin:
For ſuch firm bonds of conſtant amity,
Had link'd *Arcadius* loyall heart to me,
(Which by our outward actions was not hid,
For never two lov'd better than we did)
That ſhe perceiving how he ſtood inclin'd,
The more to pleaſe and gratulate his mind,
Vs'd me with courteous terms, he diſcontent,
(Suſpition is a tryall eminent
Of true affection) thought ſome new-born love
'Twards me increaſt, her tender heart did move
As *Helen* did to *Paris*, took occaſion,
T' aſſiſt her loyall love with this perſwaſion;

For

For ſitting in a pleaſant bower which hung
With various flowres he took a Lute and ſung.

See'ſt not my love with what a grace?
The Spring reſembles thy ſweet face?
Here let us ſit, and in theſe bowers,
Receive the odors of the flowers,
For *Flora* by thy beauty wood,
conſpires thy good.

See how ſhe ſends her fragrant ſweet,
And doth this homage to thy feet,
Bending ſo low her ſtooping head,
To kiſs the ground where thou doſt tread,
And all her flowers proudly meet,
to kiſs thy feet.

Then let us walk my deareſt love,
And on this carpet ſtrictly prove
Each others vow, from thy requeſt
No other love invades my breſt.
For how can I contemn that fire
which Gods admire?

To crop that Roſe why doſt thou ſeek,
When there's a purer in thy cheek?
Like Corall held in thy fair hands,
Or blood and milk that mingled ſtands;
To whom the Powers all grace have given.
a type of Heaven.

Yon Lillie ſtooping 'twards this place,
Is a pale ſhadow for thy face,
Vnder which veil doth ſeem to ruſh;
Modeſt *Endymions* ruddy bluſh.

A bluſh indeed, more pure and fair
than Lillies are.

Glance on thoſe flowers thy radiant eyes,
Through which cleer beams they'l ſympathize
Reflective love, to make them far
More glorious than th' *Heſperian* ſtar,
For every ſwain amazed lies,
and gazing dies.

See how theſe filly flowers twine,
With ſweet imbracings, and combine,
Striving with curious looms to ſet
Their pale and red into a net,
To ſhew how pure deſire doth reſt
for ever bleſt.

Why wilt thou then unconſtant be?
T' infringe the lawes of amity?
And ſo much diſ-reſpect my heart?
To derogate from what thou art?
When in harmonious love there is
Eliſian bliſs.

Sepha at this was pleas'd, diſpleas'd was he
To ſee her ſmile; leave off thy jealouſie
Arcadius ſhe ſaid, I am poſſeſt
With that firm love, which nere ſhall leave my breſt.
Firſt ſhall the Sun forget his courſe to flie,
And *Pindus* hills ſhall ſoar about the skie.
Firſt ſhall the *Roman Eagles* loſe their wings,
And muſick murmur muſick without ſtrings.
Firſt ſhall the Sea-born Goddeſſe leave the ſan
Of ardent love, and turn preciſian:

And

And fearfull Hares purſue the thundring cry
Of *Cretan* Hounds, and *Ovids* mem'ry dy,
Er'e I, who to thee do my ſoul betroth,
Forſake my word, or falſify my oath.
So ſaid, ſhe hangs her lip, and lours her head,
(*Lovers are oft aſham'd of what they ſed*)
While he with hymns of joy the debt did pay
Of upright love, and nam'd the wedding day.
Which come, and all things ready, *Sepha* dreſt
Her hair, her coats were blew, upon her breſt
She wore a Stone of curious art compos'd,
Wherein two naked lovers were inclos'd;
Both ſtriving, till the maid who did reſiſt,
Grew weak, and then he us'd her as he liſt.
Now Ladies, know; a Prince there was whom fame
Had taken captive with fair *Sepha's* name,
Who hearing of the wedding day, wherein
Their hands ſhould be linkt, as their hearts had bin;
And hearing of the weakneſs of the guard,
That ſhould conduct them to the Church, prepar'd
To rob us of her; as you paſs the plain,
There is a pretty hillock that would fain
Be call'd a hill, behind this hill they hide
Themſelves, their weapons, and doe there reſide.
Now we in whom no thought of treachery
Had told us of miſhap, with jollity
Hy'd to the temple, there, o there the chance
Of baſe conſpiring miſchief did advance
It ſelf, dejected us, a horrid voice
Of threatning people ſent a hideous noiſe
Vnto our ears, now to our eys their arms
With glittring ſhields forctell our following harms.
Vnweapon'd we, for battels are refus'd
On wedding days, and other weapons us'd,

So that the easier they our necks did bend
Vnto their yoke, now had they took my friend
The yong *Arcadius* and his lovely bride,
The onely prize they waited for, and hy'd
Them on their way, born by the heat of love (move,
'Twards th'one, 'twards th'other hate their speed did
When I (ô ne're till then unfortunate)
Saw Tyranny and malice at debate,
Who first should steal away the spotless life
Of my *Arcadius*, at last a knife,
His unstain'd bosome pierc'd, who dying cry'd,
Let *Sepha* live, and I am satisfied.
You ravishers said I of others blood,
By this discern if Traytors ends are good,
And with a sword snatch'd from anothers arm,
Cleft one, and said be sharer in his harm;
With that a second, and a third I slew,
And so a fourth, till such a tumult grew,
That after divers blows away they fled,
And left me, as they well might think, for dead.
Mean while *Campanian Sepha* took her flight
Into a Wood, born there by horrid fright.
Where long she could not stay, by carefull heed
Drawn forth, to know how her known love did speed,
And now she finds, what nere she wisht to find,
With his dear bloud the blushing flowers lin'd;
She sayes not much, lest helpless words should stay
Her soul too long, but kneeling down doth pray,
Then took the knife by his own blood made foul,
And falling down upon't advanc't her soul.
Awak'd from out my sound, I saw how Fate
Had plaid the wanton, and expir'd their date:
I took their bodies and them both did burn,
I put them both together in one Vrn;

Straighe

Strait both their ashes, Male and Female grew,
And from the same admired *Phœnix* flew;
From whence I Propheſie it ſhall revive
By death, for tis their fame ſhall keep't alive,
Which growing old towards the Sun ſhall flie,
And till the Heavens diſſolve ſhall never dye.

Here *Epimenides* his ſtory ceaſt,
And bending down his panting boſome dyes:
Whoſe death the Ladies former griefs increaſt,
They ſent his Soule to *Elizium* with their cryes,
Vpon whoſe ſhrine they wrot his death, to ſhow
From Heaven he came, to Heaven he needs muſt go.

FINIS.

Hinc Lachrimæ,
OR THE
AVTHOR
TO
AVRORA:

1

WHy ſhould my pen aſpire ſo high a ſtrain,
A verſe to guide, to guide a verſe unfit?
Are they the fitteſt voices to complain?
Admit they be, they're for a riper wit;
Yet you who theſe unpoliſht lines ſhall read,
Deride them not, they from diſtraction came,
Let that ſuffice, my love alone ſhall plead
For their defect, and ſhall excuſe the ſame,
Excuſe the ſame, for what from love doth ſpring,
To lovers only reſolution bring.

2

Celums faire daughter hath bereft my heart
Of thoſe ſweet hopes to lovers only due,
Vnwilling ſhe thoſe pleaſures to impart,
Leſt too much joy ſhould make me ceaſe to rue,

Leſt her fair eyes ſhould work that gracious hap,
Which ſhe would not permit I ſhould enjoy,
While I lye lull'd in Fates unconſtant lap,
With grief converſe, and ſtill with ſorrow toy:
For ſuch a gentle pain ſhe doth me ſend,
As if ſhe would not wiſh my life, nor end.

3

Yet ſuch it is that I will not exchange
My life with thoſe whom Fortune kind intreats,
And ſince it is her arrow that doth range
My tender heart, I kiſſe the rod that beats.
I laugh at *Cupid*, who is overjoy'd
With fond conceit, that he hath wrought this fire,
But let him be with ſelf-conceit deſtroy'd,
'Twas not his power, twas my own deſire,
Though *Venus* hood-wink'd ſon doth bear the name,
Azile's vertue 'twas did me inflame.

4

'Twas thee *Azile*, of whoſe loves I ſang,
'Tween thee and me among the gentle *Gothes*,
Something it was when all the valleys rang
Too true, the breach of thy beplighted oaths.
I little thought my willing warbling quill,
With her ſhrill notes did miſs to ſing the truth,
But now I finde through too dear gotten skill,
Thou art deſpiſer of my blooming youth,
What there I ſaid, how much thy ſoul rely'd
Vpon thy faith, theſe Poems ſay I ly'd.

5

Elſe why ſhould I complain of this miſchance,
Had it not been contrary to thy vowes?
With tears thou mad'ſt them, and what furtherance,
Of ſignes were more, Heavn's ruler onely knows.
Heav'n knows my faith, how I have loyall been,
And have not broke the ſmalleſt ſtring of love.
To ſee my conſtance will augment thy ſin,
How loyall I, how wav'ring thou doſt prove,
But twas thy will, that I thy favour miſt,
I'm thine, and thou maiſt uſe me as thou liſt.

6

Even as thou liſt *Azile*, I'l rejoyce,
And tremble at thy eyes when e're they move;
Command thy will, I will obey thy voice,
Vnleſs thou bidſt me ceaſe to owe thee love.
There pardon me dear love, for ſuch a root
It hath obtain'd in my triangle heart,
That ſince thou firſt didſt thereon place thy foot,
The pain increaſ'd, and ſtill I feel the ſmart;
No pain at all, ſince it from thee enſues,
And Love, thou maiſt command them as thy dues.

7

Even as thy dues, and what I can procure,
More from my heart, to thee ſhall be preſented,
Yet hadſt thou but the tenth part I endure,
I'm ſure thy laſt neglect ſhould be repented;

Thou wouldſt be ſorry that I have miſpent
My time in ſighs, for prayers only free,
But pray'rs are killd through too much diſcontent,
For he that loves can never zealous be.
Tis thee alone muſt be my gracious Saint,
Gainſt thee, and to thee onely's my complaint.

8

How oft have I been ſubject of thy ſcorn ?
How often kill'd by thy impetuous eyes ?
How oft have I the warlike Enſign born
Of thy fierce heart, enur'd to cruelty ?
So oft haſt thou, after the tyde was paſt,
Of diſreſpect, my heavy ſoul repriev'd
From that dejected ſtate, ſo oft thou haſt,
Witneſt with vowes, if vows may be beleev'd,
O that I could thy former love deſcry,
To reaſſume thy late humanity.

9

Wouldſt thou but think with what intire de light
My ſoul was carried to thoſe joyes, and whither,
Wouldſt thou but think how ſtrong we did unite
Into one bond our mutuall loves together,
Wouldſt thou but reconcile thy wandring ſenſe,
And ceaſe t'afflict with thy impartiall eyes ;
Wouldſt thou but hear the prayer which I commence,
One ſhour might cheriſh yet the root which dyes.
But thou art wiſe, and canſt thy worth refine,
Yet uſe me gently, 'cauſe thou knowſt I'm thine.

10

What though thy birth require a higher place,
Than my low heart is able to beſtow?
Admit it doe, yet count it no diſgrace,
'Tis my humility that makes me low,
And ſince I have aſpir'd ſo high a favour,
Which once I had, but now I cann't obtain,
I'l ſpend my dayes, even with as ſad behaviour,
And ſtudy moſt, how moſt I may complain.
O that my plaints would mollifie thy heart,
And once thou wouldſt give period to my ſmart.

11

What though thy riches ask as high a fortune?
And with thy birth doth bear an equall ſway?
O were that all, I know I might importune
A little help, for riches will decay.
Even as thy wealth, ſo will thy beauty fade,
And then thou wilt repent thee of my wrong,
A ſecret ſorrow ſhall thy breſt invade,
Thy heart ſhall be as faulty as thy tongue,
They both ſhall vex, and this ſhall be the tryall,
One gave conſent, the other gave denyall.

12

When thou ſhalt be of all thy youth depriv'd,
And ſhalt with ages wrinkled rowes be clad;
When thou ſhalt ſit and think how much I ſtriv'd
Thy love to gain, and what reward I had;

When thy deceitfull promiſes ſhall call
Thee to the bar, and there arraign thy thoughts,
When thou with heavy eyes ſhalt ſummon all
The harms which thy unkindneſs in me wrought,
When thou ſhalt hear of my diſtracted mind,
Thou wilt repent thee that thou waſt unkind.

13

And that thou maiſt remember thy diſdain,
Even theſe I wrote, that thou mayſt read the ſame,
And there ſhalt find what juſt cauſe to complain
From thee I had, by thy unkindneſs came;
That ſo thou maiſt be ſorry for my harm,
And wet thy eyes; for once I know you lov'd me;
O let that love be to thy heart a charm, (thee,
But ſince nor pray'rs, nor vows, nor tears have mov'd
Even theſe I wrote to ſhew to future years,
How much *Azile* thou haſt ſcorn'd my tears.

14

How much *Azile* thou haſt ſcorn'd my tears,
And haſt detain'd that which thou know'ſt is mine,
Thy heart is his, even to whoſe heart he fears
No hopes will come, and therefore doth repine
Even to his death, for which way can he chuſe
When the remembrance of thy faith ſhall creep
Before his eyes, and therein ſhall infuſe
A thouſand tears, how can he chuſe but weep?
O happy yet, wouldſt thou this diſcontent
But call to mind, and in that mind repent.

15

The time will come, when thy beloved face
Shall loſe the ſpring, with which it now is clad,
When thou art old, thou in ſome ſecret place,
Wilt ſit, and think of all the wrongs I had,
Then wilt thou read theſe my unpoliſh'd plaints,
The Chronicles of my unpittied cryes,
When thou art old, perhaps thy heart ſhall faint
For ſhame, and let one tear forſake thy eyes;
I know thou wilt, and e're thy Sun expire
His glorious date, thou wilt recall thy fire.

16

Though now thy eyes are carried from the wounds
Thy eyes did give, when firſt my eyes beheld them,
Though now thy ears deny to hear the ſounds
Of my juſt plaints, and therefore haſt expell'd them,
Yet once before thy Soul ſhall take her way
Towards thoſe fields, the fair *Eliſian* reſt,
Thou wilt be greedy of an howers ſtay,
To tell the world, how thou haſt me oppreſt.
I know thou wilt, and though a while the ſhade
Obſcure the Sun, at laſt the cloud will fade.

17

Tell me how oft thou haſt with ſerious voice,
Vow'd for thy love no harm I ſhould endure?
Tell me if erſt thou didſt not like thy choice,
And with thy vows didſt crown our nuptials ſure?

Tell

Tell me if once upon thoſe bleſſed Stairs,
The Stairs my thought that guided unto Heaven,
When I ſurpriſed by thee unawares,
Had there thy loves aſſurance fully given,
Or if thou wilt not tell, yet ſay in this,
If I have ſpoke, or wrot a word amiſs.

18

Miſtake me not, my pen was nere defil'd,
With any ſtaine, that may thy honour ſtaine,
From all laſcivious thoughts I am exil'd,
So ſhall my pen immodeſt ſenſe refrain;
Thou art as free, as pure from any blot,
And therefore ſhalt with Lotus crown thy brows,
If ever thou did'ſt ſin, I knew it not,
Excepting this the fraction of thy vowes,
I vow by Heaven and all the powers therein,
Excepting this, I never knew thee ſin.

19

Ye flowry Meads where I do uſe to ſing,
And with complaining notes do often fill ye,
Ye purling ſtreams, where I with quav'ring ſtring,
Make Muſick, tell the praiſe of my *Azile*,
Ye ſhady Groves and melancholly places,
Where oft I do retire to ſigh my wrongs,
Ye lofty hills that oft hear my diſgraces,
To whom I chatter forth my heavy ſongs,
Let theſe perſwaſions now your voices move,
Say if I ever ſpake againſt my love.

20

When I with Lillies do adorne my head.
And dreſs my face by pleaſant ſilver brook,
When I my ſnowy flock do gently lead,
And guide their ſteps with willing Shepherds hook,
When I with Daffadill's doe garlands make,
And therewith have my back and arms inſhrin'd,
When I to oaten pipe doe me betake,
To tell of my *Azile*, and her mind,
When I ſo oft with flowers my hands have dreſt,
What was it but to pleaſe *Azile* beſt?

21

The firſtlings of my flock to her I gave,
Twice happy flock to ſend your preſents thither,
Thrice happy flock, for ſhe the laſt ſhall have,
The laſt was hers, I ſent them both together.
She took them both, and with a gentle eye,
(Where courteſie, and grace together lay,
As loth to rob, yet lother to deny)
She'wd on the hills her willingneſs to ſtay,
Bleſt be the time when firſt her love I mov'd,
Too ſilly Shepherd ſo to be belov'd.

22

Too ſilly Shepherd, and unworthy too,
That durſt preſume that fair fruit to attempt,
But ſince intire affection made me wooe,
O judg me not of modeſty exempt,

For

For though I did aſpire ſo high a taske,
Yet beſt it is, and beſt to be commended,
I eas'ly can maintaint't, no help I aske,
Let love and honour joyne, diſpute is ended;
I'le mount the higheſt ſteps that honour calls,
He falls no lower than the ground that falls.

Qui jacet in terram, non habet unde cadat:

23

And that the eaſier I may climb the ſame,
I'le build a ladder of heroick wood,
Each ſtep imbelliſht in the pureſt frame,
Of Corall born in the *Tyrrean* flood,
That when my wiſhes have attain'd their will,
And all my thoughts have perfected my art,
That when my cares have reſted on a hill,
The only rock of my repining heart,
None may condemn me, for I did aſpire
To vertue clad in conſtant loves atire. Sidnei.

24

Yet many will conjecture much amiſs,
Becauſe my love ſo ſlowly is requited,
Each ſpitefull Satyre will ſurmiſe by this,
Thou hat'ſt me cauſe my pains have thee delighted;
But let them pleaſe themſelves with thought thereof,
And with their wits aſcribe their own applauſe,
I free from anger at their harms will laugh,
For ſome vex moſt when none will give them cauſe,
That when thou ſeeſt how loyall I am thine,
Thou may'ſt conceive the greateſt harme is mine.

25

The Morning bluſh is like *Azile* made,
Azile's cheeks are like the morning bluſh,
If faire *Aurora* pleaſe to be the ſhade,
Why ſhould *Azile* ſcorne to be the buſh?
Thou art that buſh *Azile* under whom,
My buskin Muſe ſings free from contrie ſtrife,
Thou art that *Lotus* to whoſe ſhade I come,
To ſup my milke, and ſport away my life,
That when thou ſeeſt my harmleſs ſports excell,
Thou mayſt remember once thou knew'ſt me well.

26

Thou mayſt remember once thou knew'ſt me well,
And did'ſt not ſhame t'account me as thy own,
Then loyall love within thy breaſt did dwel,
And faith, but now no faith in thee is known.
When we in Evenings have the vallies trac'd,
And ſipt freſh aire to cloze the haſty day,
When with thy ſteps thou haſt the mountains grac'd,
To ſee how *Heſper* hy'd him on his way,
Why waſt not carefull then to keep thy vow,
For there thou mad'ſt me promiſes enow.

27

And then the Spring of my unſtaind affection,
With Roſes dreſt, and Lillies ſweetly grew,
Whoſe ruddie look, gave it a faire complexion,
Till frowning Winter gave't another hue,

But

But ſtay thou know'ſt already why I ſing,
And with my heavy verſe ſo gently move thee,
For that alone I did theſe ſonnets bring,
That by theſe plaints thou mayſt perceive I love thee,
For out of nothing, nothing can be brought,
And that which is, can nere be turnd to nought.

28

How can I ſmother then my long pent love,
Allmoſt unknown to thee ſo long conceald?
O you that can aſſiſt me from above,
For by your means twas firſt of all reveald,
Since when my heart in ſuch ſure hope remains,
That I will not exchange my part in her,
Not for the pureſt face the world contains,
For before all her love I will prefer;
And know in their fruition I ſhall want
Thoſe ſweet contents which theſe complainings grant.

29

Twice hath the Sun drencht in *Iberian* Seas,
Twice fifty times renew'd his fiery Car,
Since with thy ſight thou did'ſt impart ſome eaſe,
And ſince I ſpoke to thee ran twice ſo far,
But yet thou ſeeſt thy ſtill dejected friend,
Admits no period to the love he owes,
And though thy abſence gives all pleaſures end,
Yet know thy preſence far more grief beſtows,
For this will vex, when one their own ſhall ſee,
And yet not dare thereof the owner be.

30

Ay me, when I alone ſit and bemone me,
Of thy hard heart, and my unjuſt correction,
When by my ſelf I ſit, and think upon thee,
With what ſure bonds I'm brought into ſubjection,
Then, then my heart, grieving to be reſtraind;
Beats up a loud alarm, to come to thee,
If when I think of thee I am ſo pain'd,
What do I then when I thy face do ſee?
Such is my paine, if paines may be believ'd.
Griev'd at thy ſight, and at thy abſence griev'd.

31

What though I have tranſgreſt againſt thy will?
And run as idle wayes as many other?
I am not minded to purſue them ſtill,
If thou no more wilt thy affections ſmother,
And know *Azile* that the chiefeſt cauſe
Of all miſhaps, ſprung firſt from thy unkindneſs,
It is a ſtatute made in *Cupids* laws,
Neglected Lovers ſpend their dayes in blindneſs,
And ſo it is, when once depriv'd the bliſs
Of conſtant love, we other bleſſings miſs.

32

And ſo run headlong careleſs of our good,
Into all danger that the world hath ſent,
But Heaven be prais'd, that I have this withſtood,
I never knew what carnall action ment;

For

For other ſins, I know I have a ſhare,
As deep as any that committed ſin,
And more muſt have, I yet cannot forbear,
Such is the ſtate my reſtleſs ſoule lives in,
Such is my ſtate, unleſs thou doſt relent
My dayly wrongs, and then I ſhall repent.

33

If thou miſdoubt, as thou mayſt well miſdoubt,
Becauſe I'm now ſo wild, and vaine withall,
That ſhould I ſpeed, my love would quickly out,
And I unto my old rebates would fall,
O let the thought thereof no place obtaine,
But baniſh it, as enemy to good;
Try me a while before I reap the gaine,
Which ſo long wiſht, hath ſo long been withſtood,
Try me I ſay, and thou ſhalt me reſtore,
For verjuyce ſweetned once, will ſowre no more.

34

Alas my love, what love appears in this?
To omit the cure, which only may procure
Thy Clyents eaſe? guide not thy love amiſs,
Leſt thy neglect make thy diſtruction ſure,
And then my blood be ſprinkled on thy Coate,
Will bring a horrid ſound unto thy Soule,
I vow by Heaven that all the world ſhall know't;
There's nothing can a firme reſolve controll,
By Heaven I vow, and this the truth relates,
Deny againe, I'le dye before thy gates.

35

But ſtay complaints, returne unto your owner,
And blame her not, ſhees free from any blame,
There can no ſpotted ſcandall reſt upon her,
Tis your preſumption, and it is your ſhame.
But ſay againe, although you are unfit
To kiſs her ears, yet you'l take no deniall,
And that you' l not her plighted troth remit,
But will remit it to a further tryall,
Even to his doom, who will all things deſtroy,
And there reward her inhumanity.

36

And there reward thy inhumanity
Vnkind *Azile*, rapt in liquid charms,
Thou canſt not with an unſtaind Conſcience dye,
Vnleſs thou doſt give period to my harms.
Is it thy wealth that makes thee thus refraine me?
As it is thine, ſo ſhall it ſtill be thine.
Is it thy birth that makes thee thus diſdaine me?
O ſcorn me not, I come of Noble Line,
For by the *Norman* Duke our browes were crown'd,
With Lawrell branches, and our names renown'd.

37

Ceaſe then t'afflict, and ſhew that heart ſome eaſe,
Which in offences never gave thee none,
Vnleſs it was in ſtriving beſt to pleaſe,
Therein indeed it hath been very prone,

And that thou know'ſt, there's none doth know ſo wel,
How my poore love did run in full carier,
My dayly preſence did my paſſions tell,
My dayly paſſions in thy preſence were.
O happy time when thy ſweet preſence gave it,
But now I have moſt need I cannot have it.

38

Believe *Azile*, when of thee I think,
As ſuch ſweet thoughts are in me very rife,
I'm ready of prepared bane to drinke,
Or any poyſon that will end my Life;
And ſtill becauſe, my ſtill conſuming heart,
Injoyes no reſt, wiſht reſt I never have,
But of turmoyls and troubles I have part,
But tis not trouble that a Soul muſt ſave,
A ſweet content doth lead the way from wrath,
He ſafeſt lives that quiet conſcience hath.

39

But I have none, nor never muſt have any,
Vnleſs thy eyes do ſhine upon my face,
Amongſt thy noble virtues which are many,
O let this favour thy poore Servant grace;
Since thou diſdaineſt to beſtow thy heart
On me ſo far dejected, ſo unworthy,
Tell me what cauſe it is, and twill impart,
Eaſe to thoſe dayly pains I ſuffer for thee;
So ſhall my ſoule be quiet, ſo my paine
Releaſt, and I ſhall heare thee ſpeak againe.

40

And thats a favour far beyond deſert,
But not beyond deſire I have to love thee.
Do ſt thou deſire? I'le rip my wounded heart,
And ſhew thee that which there perhaps may move
O let me find acceſſe unto thy breaſt, (thee;
And there receive my almoſt wearied Soule,
Her wings are weary, and implore ſome reſt,
Her wearied wings their ſlippery fate condole;
And ſcorne me not that I ſo much have ſought thee,
For know *Azile* I have dearly bought thee.

41

For know *Azile* I have dearly paid
For thee, if of thee I am e're poſſeſt,
Poſſeſs me then with thy prevailing ayd,
And ayd to that ſhore that muſt make me bleſt,
There ſhall I ſing *Encomions* to thy praiſe,
And praiſe the luſtre of thy noble Spirit,
When raviſh't by thoſe *Epithalmian* layes
Of Nymphs, thou ſhalt their Nymph-like grace inherit,
And *Hymen* in a ſaffron vaile ſhall come,
O're a faire field beſtrew'd with Margerum.

42

There ſhall the ſcores of either love be read,
And there my pains in which thou haſt delighted,
There ſhall my love for her offences plead,
There ſhall my vowes be paid, my pains requited,

And thoſe that do except againſt my age,
Harpocrates to ſilence ſhall conjure,
A Vultur ſhall his ſtarv'd deſire aſſwage,
Vpon their hearts, cauſe they my pains procure,
What though! ſcarce have twice ten winters told,
As much as is in man, in me behold.

43

As much as is in man in me ſhould be,
But that thou haſt bereft me of my heart,
I want thoſe glozing words of flattery,
By which ſome men gaine more than by deſert,
I want that wit which ought to parallell
Thy virtues, and procure deſerving bliſs,
I want that ſtrength and vigour to repell,
Dejected griefe, which guides loves wheele amiſs,
I want thoſe means which ſhould all good ſupplant
Within my breſt, and chiefely thee I want.

44

Loves coach they ſay is made of Ebony,
And drawn by Turtle Doves of Silver hue,
To ſhew the brightneſſe of pure amity,
With Turtles yoak't, than Turtles what more true?
Along whoſe ſides the purple ſilke doth twind
The ſilver Ouches to the golden wheels,
So outward beauty ſhould a lover bind,
For who the outward love the inward feels,
Eye ſight confirmes, but vertues motives be,
Tis not alone thy face I love but thee.

45

Thee for thy virtues I alone admire,
Azile mine, but mine no more thou art,
Yet canſt thou not thoſe raging flames expire
Of Love, unleſs thou haſt a double heart,
O double not my pains (my deareſt love)
Nor let the Torments of my Soule increaſe,
For private envy will all truth reprove,
That Kingdome ſafeſt lives that lives in peace,
How can we then a true concordance find,
When we two, one, have both a diff'rent mind?

46

A Poet ſaid, if *Cupid* be a power,
Let him poſſeſs me now with his deſire,
When ſuddenly his eyes began to loure,
And he expir'd his life in helpleſs fire,
And ſo muſt I periſh within that flame,
If theſe will not thy heart to pitty bend,
If ſtill thy flinty heart remains the ſame,
I wiſh that with this line, my life might end;
And this cmplaint about the earth be hurl'd,
Alive to death, but dead unto the world.

47

And hear I ſtay, expecting now the doom,
And ſentence of eternall joy, or grief,
Which from thy ſweet, or fatall lipsmuſt come,
For while I live thou of my heart art chiefe;

Then ſhew thy ſelfe as thou deſir'ſt to be,
Vnſtaind in all thy wayes, in all upright,
That following dayes with pure integrity,
May ſweet my ſorrowes paſt with ſome delight;
And here I reſt expecting the regard,
Of faithfull love, and his deſerv'd reward.

Peliander.

FINIS.

To the immortall memory of the fairest and most vertuous Lady, the Lady

(dumb
HEr tongue hath ceast to speak, which might make
All tongues, might stay all Pens, al hands benum;
Yet must I write, O that it might have been
While she had liv'd, and had my verses seen,
Before sad cries deaf'd my untuned ears,
When verses flow'd more easily than tears.
Ah why neglected I to write her praise,
And paint her Vertues in those happy dayes!
Then my now trembling hand and dazled eye,
Had seldome fail'd, having the pattern by;
Or had it err'd, or made some strokes amiss,
(For who can portray Vertue as it is?)
Art might with Nature have maintain'd her strife,
By curious lines to imitate true life.
But now those Pictures want their lively grace,
As after death none well can draw the face:
We let our friends passe idlely like our time,
Till they be gone, and then we see our crime, (known,
And think what worth in them might have been
What duties done, and what affection shown:
Vntimely knowledge, which so dear doth cost,
And then begins when the thing known is lost;
Yet this cold love, this envy, this neglect,
Proclaims us modest, while our due respect

To goodneſs is reſtrain'd by ſervile fear,
Leſt to the world, it flatt'ry ſhould appear:
As if the preſent hours deſerv'd no praiſe:
But age is paſt, whoſe knowledge only ſtayes
On that weak prop which memory ſuſtains,
Should be the proper ſubject of our ſtrains:
Or as if fooliſh men aſham'd to ſing
Of Violets, and Roſes in the Spring,
Should tarry till the flow'rs were blown away,
And till the Muſes life and heat decay;
Then is the fury ſlack'd, the vigour fled,
As here in mine, ſince it with her was dead:
Which ſtill may ſparkle, but ſhall flame no more,
Becauſe no time ſhall her to us reſtore:
Yet may theſe Sparks, thus kindled with her fame,
Shine brighter, and live longer than ſome flame.
Here expectation urgeth me to tell
Her high perfections, which the world knew well.
But they are far beyond my skill t'unfold,
They were poor vertues if they might be told.
But thou, who fain would'ſt take a gen'rall view
Of timely fruits which in this garden grew,
On all the vertues in mens actions look,
Or read their names writ in ſome morall book;
And ſum the number which thou there ſhalt find:
So many liv'd, and triumph'd in her mind.
Nor dwelt theſe Graces in a houſe obſcure,
But in a Palace fair, which might allure
The wretch, who no reſpect to vertue bore,
To love It, for the garments which it wore.
So that in her the body and the ſoule
Contended, which ſhould moſt adorn the whole.
O happy ſoul for ſuch a body meet,
How are the firm chains of that union ſweet,

Diſſever'd

Diſſever'd in the twinkling of an eye?
And we amaz'd dare ask no reaſon why,
But ſilent think, that God is pleas'd to ſhow,
That he hath works, whoſe ends we cannot know:
Let us then ceaſe to make a vain requeſt,
To learn why die the faireſt, why the beſt;
For all theſe things, which mortals hold moſt dear,
Moſt ſlipp'ry are, and yeeld leſs joy than fear;
And being lifted high by mens deſire,
Are more propitious marks for heav'nly fire;
And are laid proſtrate with the firſt aſſault,
Becauſe, our love makes their deſert their fault.
Then juſtice, us to ſome amends ſhould move
For this our fruitleſs, nay our hurtfull love;
We in their Honour, piles of ſtone erect
With their dear Names, and worthy praiſes deckt:
But ſince thoſe fail, their glories we reherſe,
In better Marble, everlaſting verſe;
By which we gather from conſuming hours,
Some parts of them, though time the reſt devours;
Then if the Muſes can forbid to die,
As we their Prieſts ſuppoſe, why may not I?
Although the leaſt and hoarſeſt in the quire,
Clear beams of bleſſed immortality inſpire
To keep thy bleſt remembrance ever young,
Still to be freſhly in all ages ſung:
Or if my work in this unable be,
Yet ſhall it ever live, upheld by thee:
For thou ſhalt live, though Poems ſhould decay,
Since Parents teach their Sons, thy praiſe to ſay;
And to Poſterity, from hand to hand
Convey it with their bleſſing and their land.
Thy quiet reſt from death, this good derives,
Inſtead of one, it gives thee many lives:

While theſe lines laſt, thy ſhadow dwelleth here,
Thy fame, it ſelf extendeth ev'ry where;
In Heav'n our hopes have plac'd thy better part:
Thine Image lives, in thy ſad Husbands heart:
Who as when he enjoy'd thee, he was chief
In love and comfort, ſo is he now in grief.

TO

To his dear Friend Mr. *John Emely* upon his Travells.

HAve other Nations got that tempting art?
Or Seas? (O thou the second of my heart)
To ſteal thee from us? ſhall thy preſence plant
Thoſe goods elſewhere, which Countrey thine doth want?
And chiefly me, who every winde abjure
That loudly roars, to make thy paſſage ſure,
As much I blame the calms, for ſecret fear,
Though without cauſe, in all things will appear.
And now my thinks the *Cantabrician* flood,
With open jawes growes thirſty for thy blood,
Which if great (*alums* off-ſpring doth appall
The calm I fear ſits ſmiling at thy fall.
Or if *Sicilian* Seas thou furroweſt o're,
Thy danger by *Charibdis* I deplore,
And *Scilla's* rock, whoſe bloody mouth doth lye
For thee, if more towards the North you flye.

If

If to *Eoum*, or to *Indus* arm,
Paropanisian rocks will do thee harm.
If on *Propontis*, or *Tanais* flood,
Tanai's and *Hellespont* are stain'd with blood.
What pleasure then allures thee to their coast?
In safest beds pleasure resideth most.
Nor Countrey can, nor other Nations give
More sweet content, than where thy Parents live.
What will it boot to view the snowy hills
Of *Alpine* high? whose fleecy moisture fills
The humble dales? or what will it prevail,
To hear th' exub'rance of a forrain tale?
What joy can it produce to hear the swains,
Leading their flocks along the *Scythian* plains,
T'accord their voices to the slender reeds
Of *Amarillis* praise? or what exceeds
With sweeter pleasure, and more bright doth shine
In other Countryes, than it doth in thine?
Now to *Olimpian* hills thou tak'st thy way,
Farr happier wouldst thou in our valleys stay,
And see thy Countrey *Hero's* sports prepare,
More pleasant than *Olimpian* pleasures are.
No service we to *Neptune*, Altar vow,
Nor dread we *Neptune*, nor to *Neptune* bow,
But free from fear, in blushing mornings walk,
Through shady groves, to hear woods chanters talk
Ruddy *Auroras* praise, and with free mone,
To Eccho's only sigh our loves alone.
In Summer time we walk the flowry meads,
Where *Flora* o're her spotted Carpet leads
Our eyes, and gluts us with discoloured shows
Of Flowers, which on her am'rous bosome grows.

Then

Then *Zephirus* with fair *Nepenthe* ſents,
Comes ſtealing o're the flowers, and preſents
Sweets odors to us, while by ſilver brook,
We ſit, and cheat the Fiſhes with a hook.
And when the Meadows are disburthened
Of graſſe, and with their withred Cocks are ſpred,
Then with our Nymphs and Ladies we reſort,
Vnto thoſe Cocks, and on, and o're them ſport.
So Friſking Kidds their pleaſures will diſplay,
And with their loves in ſmiling Evenings play.
When going forwards with ſweet tunes receiv'd
Our fingers in each others interweav'd,
We chat of love, and all the way we walke,
We make the boy the ſubject of our talk;
So ſport we o're the Meads, till *Heſper* come,
Allur'd by our delights to light us home.
The night we paſs in contemplations ſweet,
(Contented thoughts makes ſable night more fleet)
And in the morning (morning beautifi'd
With glorious *Sol*, who decks it with his pride)
We ride about the fields to recreate
Our o're-joy'd minds, minds never ſtaind with hate.
Where fearfull hares before our Greyhounds flye,
A while they run, and run awhile they dy.
Then caſt we off our nimble winged hawk,
Whoſe ſpeedy flight all baſer preys doth bawk,
And up, his envying ſtrength doth manage well,
'Gainſt him, who from *Minervas* turrets fell.
Now to her Altar we, whoſe golden hairs
Preſents our corn, whole handfulls of our ears
Do bear, who ſmiling on her Altar, takes
Our Off'rings, and next fruitfull harveſt makes.

When

When you *Carpathean*, and *Aegean* Seas
With odors ſtain, their flatt'red God to pleaſe.
If palſie *Hyems* with his frozen head
Doth hide fair *Ceres* in his Icy bed,
With gins we ſnatch the ſilly birds; and ſnare
With our deceitfull toyls, the fearfull Hare.
And now *Sydonian* Bores with angry pace,
Through thick *Stymphalian* Woods our Hounds doe chaſe;
Who o're our ſteepy hills their way doe flye,
Where Countrey ſwains their ſpeedy flight deſcry:
And with a hollow of rejoycing ſounds,
Blown up, encourage our purſuing Hounds.
Retiting home, we praiſe, or diſcommend
Their long-maintained race, or haſty end.
When loggs of wood in ſpacious Chimneys laid
Of a conſuming fire, a fire are made,
And we with our beloved wives declare,
Thoſe ſweet contents in Countrey pleaſures are.
O might I taſte thoſe Marriage joyes, and tell
What pure delight in upright Love doth dwell.
And now to feaſt lov'd Chriſtmas with delight,
Our neighbours to our ſuppers we invite;
Which paſt, and ſtools before the fier ſet,
All former wrath and wranglings we forget,
And while the Apples in the fiers roſt,
Of kindneſſe wee, and Countrey friendſhip boaſt,
Till with a Waſſell, which our wives impart
With ſugred hands, we cloſe the night, and part.
Theſe things thy nation yields us, and would prove
More bleſt, wouldſt thou adorn her with thy love.

For if thou ſtill depriv'ſt us of that light
Thy preſence gives, and that intire delight,
By which thy Country ſmiles, ſhe will decay
In fame, and her renown will fade away.
And I purſue thee o're *Bononian Rhyne*,
And to thee my dejected life confine.

Will: Boſworth.

FINIS